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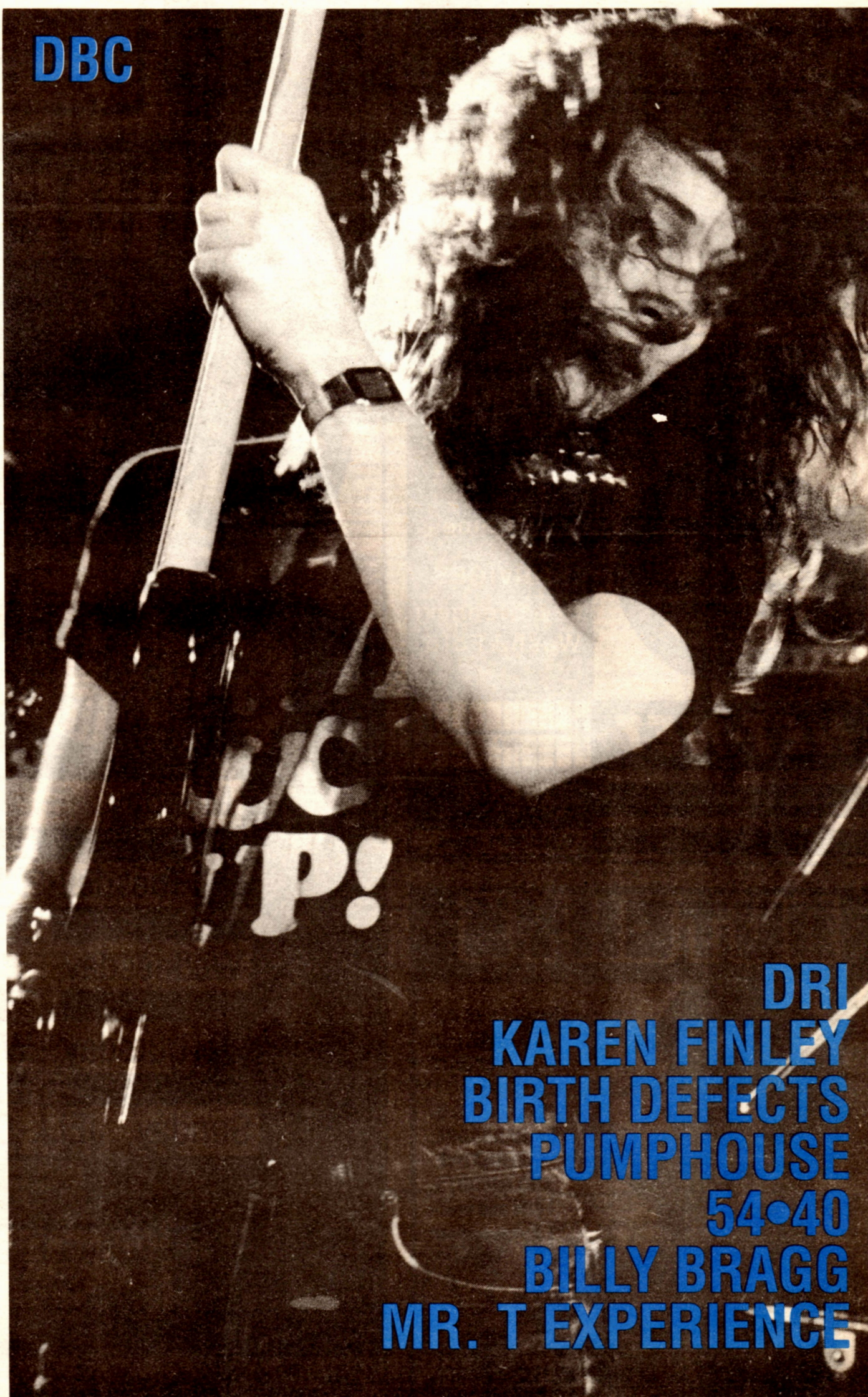
January, 1989

Number 29

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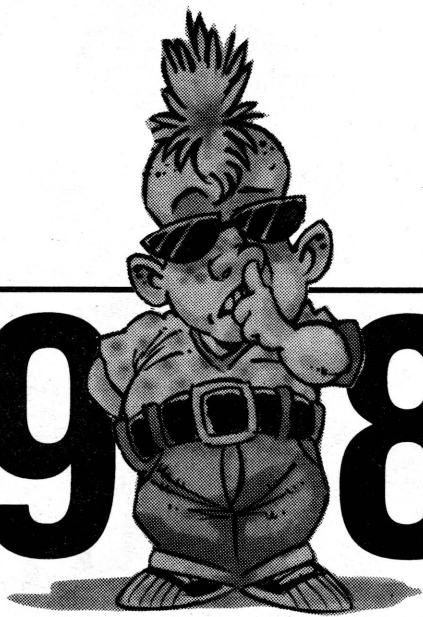
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GRAPHIC: FRANK LINTZEN

# 1989



# 3

I keep getting told that the editorials in *RearGarde* are overly pessimistic and serious. I can't see it myself, but just to try to keep everybody happy and in keeping with the holiday spirit, what follows are the New Years Resolutions of some *RearGarde* staff members and other folks in the Montreal scene (basically anyone I could get a hold of at the last minute)...

"Warren Mr. Wonderful Campbell" isn't exactly a big holiday type, but managed this resolution anyways: "I'll be nice to every band in the listings this year," he says with an evil gleam in his eye. Don't believe it. (Tho he would like to point out that, contrary to popular belief, he doesn't hate all local bands).

Ewan MacDonald of *RearGarde*, **Fail-Safe**, **Dr. D**, **Fair Warning**, **Ripcordz** etc. decided to join the granola crowd this year: "I'm going to learn to like tofu," he says. "Because it's something I should do, not because I want to." This was immediately followed by a voice in the background saying "You are not, you big liar." Don't worry, we'll give him the Tofu Test in six months.

The Reverend Bob brings up various biblical arguments against resolutions and New Years in general: "I'm boycotting New Year until the Spring," he says. "It doesn't make sense to begin a new year in the middle of winter. It's too Damn cold."

Zippy thought long and hard (or was he just going to the kitchen for a snack?) before coming up with "It has to have something to do with Elvis. Yeah, I'll work on my Elvis act." I can hardly wait for Mr. Wonderful's description of Zippy's first Elvis show.

Gerard of **Deja Voodoo** resolves "To give the Zamboni Drivers back their master tape they gave me for It Came From Canada Two. Hah! I bet you were expecting me to say that I'd resolve to

pay for my *RearGarde* ads." Hadn't even occurred to me, but it would be nice.

"Actually my New Year's resolution is that I resolve to follow all my old resolutions," he continues. "I will also work harder for better understanding amongst men both in my songwriting and my lifestyle... sorry, I just watched the Cosby Show's dedication to Martin Luther King and I think it's affected me badly."

Iain from **Fail-Safe** says "I resolve to get rid of all the guitars from the group—we're turning into a synth-pop band." Uh-huh.

Carlos of the **Nils** has had his fair share of record moguls and major U.S. labels in '88. His resolution for '89: "To stop hanging around with assholes." No wonder he never drops by our offices.

Lorrie has resolved to "Lose some tonnage and get a full-time job that pays me at least \$6 an hour for something I actually like to do."

Our erstwhile (just what does that word mean, anyways?) advertising manager, Tory, says "I've resolved to make my three-year B.A. last another 10 years. I'm deeply concerned and firmly committed to this." Now that is a resolution I can identify with.

Our intrepid (I know that one) distribution coordinator Brian, who also bangs out guitar for **My Dog Popper** and **Broken Smile** has a one-word resolution: "Exercise." Fine, we'll let ya carry the *RearGardes* this ish—it'll save on that gas money.

Rula has dedicated '89 to all-round clean living (sort of): "I already quit smoking and I tried to stop drinking—at least I cut it down to twice a week," she says, laughing. "I guess my resolution would be somehow to get my tits to grow. Either that or shrink down the rest of my

body."

Jerry Jerry of, well, **Jerry Jerry** resolved not to make a big stink this year: "This won't be the year I get in a lot of trouble over the Bill 101 thing. I was going to, and then I realized I was still just a tourist here," he says. "Actually I'm doing pretty good—I can't think of anything to resolve."

New *RearGarde* writer, Wendy decided to aim for something attainable: "I resolved to shave my legs more often... What do you mean, 'Why'?" Okay—stupid question.

Rick Trembles of the **American Devices** says "Well, I know I resolved something, but I can't remember what it was, so I guess I broke it already."

Claudia, who has the dread task of compiling the listings, resolved to "Organize a benefit to help Mr. Wonderful buy a sense of humour," and encourages bands to contact us, but quickly. "It may not be too late," she adds. I don't know if the Asexuals would agree.

Mr. Wonderful decided to change his resolution at this point to "I resolve to make an all-out effort to take over the editorial page of *RearGarde*." Hey, you've already got a bigger editorial page than me. We call it "What's Up".

Emma came up with a really cool resolution: "To remove the word 'nifty' from the pages of *RearGarde*. And 'cool' and 'bad-ass'... oh, there's just too many." I guess she gave up, which is too bad 'cause it was such a nifty idea.

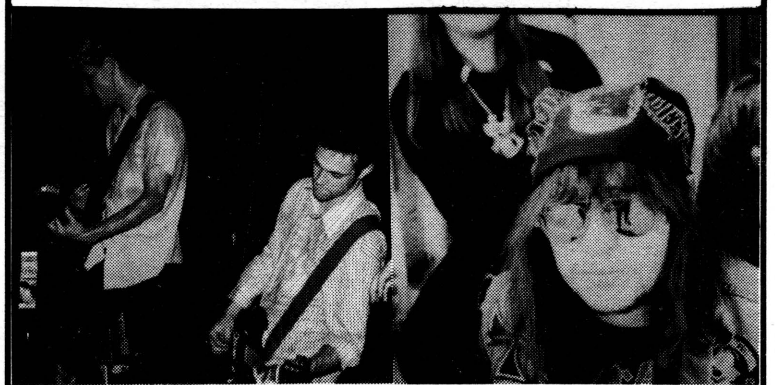
And me? I resolved to always be on time. That of course doesn't explain why this issue's coming out on the 9th instead of the first... Look, the printers were closed over the vacations, and we didn't... ah, never mind.

Paul Gott



## EN GARDE

Banned Info .....	4
DBC .....	7
DRI .....	9
Class Ads .....	10
The Chart Thing .....	10
Karen Finley .....	11
Boston .....	13
Mr. Beautiful .....	14
The Blackjacks .....	15
54•40 .....	17
Billy Bragg .....	18
Pumphouse .....	18
In Concert .....	19
Reverend Bob .....	20
Birth Defects .....	21
On The Record .....	23
For Singles Only .....	24
For Cassettes Only .....	25
Mr. T Experience .....	26
Filler .....	26
What's Up .....	27



Okay, so I have to admit the first case of censorship in the history of *RearGarde*. And we did it to ourselves.

You see, we received the full-page **American Devices** ad recently and part of the page (a small part) was a picture of Rick Trembles' enlarged male genitalia (or 'penis', if you prefer). Now, we've always believed that anyone who is intelligent enough to read is intelligent enough to make their own decisions as to what is offensive, both in the written word and in any visual presentations. We don't want to regulate 'taste', good or bad, particularly when it comes to the **Devices**—a band that likes to parody society's morals and stretch its social conventions.

However, we were informed by minds much greater than our own that to publish such a picture uncensored could quite possibly lead to court actions, fines and possibly even jail.

While we do not like these regulations, we did not feel it right to risk the future of the magazine (or, admittedly, our personal well-being) over a battle where we'd be dealing with somebody else's rules. Therefore, our first censor bar.

Our apologies to the **Devices** (who were informed before publication) and if you would like to see the uncensored ad, you can send away to Rick Trembles, Box 693, Tour de la Bourse, Montreal, Quebec, H4Z 1J9.

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## BANNED INFO

Well, it's 1989 and so we no longer have to deal with 1988—a year that a lot of people have described as a low in the Montreal scene and others. And we start off '89 with a bang—a couple of album releases...

The **Gruesomes** new LP *Hey!* is out (actually at the end of '88, but too late to count). We'd like to say all sorts of things about it, but it's still in the mail. My prediction is that it probably sounds like the Gruesomes.

Also out is that ever-fabled **American Devices** LP, *Decensortized*. Sixty-two years in the making, it comes with a raised penis-motif cover that's already caused the band some problems: "The guy who put out the record tried to get into the States with it and they wouldn't let him across the border," says Rick Trembles, Devices guitarist. "They said the front cover was too demonic and I didn't fill out a release or something. It was just an excuse to keep us out."

They've censored themselves with four stickers on the plastic wrap "just to be contradictory about the name," says Rick. "Now I think we'll just let the album sink in and see if people'll call us and ask us to play instead of going around begging for shows."

In the meantime, the Devices are working on adding a soundtrack to their 15 minute movie *Womb Service* and are already talking about a second LP: "We've got a whole other album's

worth of material," says Rick. "We'll just see how this one does first." Next scheduled release date should be around the turn of the century...

**SC.U.M.** are going on tour to Toronto, London (Ontario) and the Maritimes in January and February and are hoping to go to Europe in the Fall. "It's great—you get drunk in foreign bars and it's all tax deductible," says SCUM manager Gary Shapiro. The band's also hoping to release their second record in February or March (translation: late Summer)...

Okay, okay, so we messed up last issue. The winner of Station 10's Battle of the Bands wasn't PF, it was **Portable Ethnic Taxi**. They're going into the CRSG studios to record on the weekend of the 6th and 7th. They're planning to record a high-quality demo of at least three songs including *Anorexic* and *Second Class Citizen*, both of which are a little "harder-edged" than their first poppy recordings...

**Quotable Quotes Department:** "We broke up but we got back together again. Jenny Ross wrote that we were finished in the *Mirror* and people really believed it. Every once in a while we have to catch the new kids in the scene, who haven't heard about us breaking

up before, and get them really pissed off at us." Who said it? Who else? Eric, from **My Dog Popper**.

Popper are finally taking their show on the road to London (yes, Ontario), Guelph and Toronto from February 9 to 11 with the **Big Daddy Cumbuckets**. "Our record company prodded us a little. They said we weren't holding up our end of the contract by not doing any shows. And they of course were perfectly correct," says Eric. "Just say that they threatened us with lengthy court proceedings that would sap off all our remaining creative energies." Okay.

"We're trying to see who can get the most fucked up in three days on the

road and still walk and talk at the same time," he continues. "Hopefully we'll get arrested 'cause if you get yourselves arrested or your album pulled off the shelves your sales'll go through the roof. Just ask the **Dayglo Abortions**. So if there are any young girls out there who've got a dad in the RCMP, come on down to the show and we'll do nasty things to you and you can go home and tell your dad and we'll all get arrested."

Any final comments? "I always get into trouble with these things, but we still hate Jello Biafra." Southern Ontario, you have been warned...

**On The Reggae Front:** We never seem to get much on reggae bands, but



Portable Ethnic Taxi.



On the publications front we have a couple of new offerings this month:

**Breakfast Without Meat** is a Weird magazine out of San Francisco. The issue we got a hold of (#12) includes a **Meat Puppets** interview, a **Jello Biafra** interview, plus weird art, fiction, and weird mix-and-match record reviews. Twenty pages long, it's recommended for those of you who like to be challenged when reading (and, if so, just what the Hell are you reading *RearGarde* for?). It's available for \$1.25 (U.S.) from either Gregg Turkington or Lizzy Gray c/o *Breakfast Without Meat*, 1827 Haight Street, Room 188, San Francisco, CA, USA 94117.

A little closer to home, we have the latest issue of **Cargo Cult** magazine. The radio show that turned into a magazine, or vice-versa, or a bit of both: A sort of local bible for those into "music for difficult listening" or however it's being described this week. Interviews in this issue include **Uli Trepte**, **Miriodor**, **Mecca Normal**, and **Kathy Acker** as well as record reviews and a suitably strange piece of fiction. A very clean presentation, I guess they work on the theory that if the music's difficult, reading about it shouldn't be. Available for \$1.25 (I think from A. Clark, P.O. Box 1415, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2W4).

## Big Mack

Well, it's official. **Three O'Clock Train** is no more. Those of us who've watched as the band lost three of its original members and stopped playing live shows figured something was up. But this doesn't mean the end of the Train's music...

"Yeah, **Three O'Clock Train** is officially folded. Gone," says lead singer/guitarist/songwriter **Mack Mackenzie**. "But I'm still recording, still playing, it just doesn't seem right to use the old name any more. I've been fooling around with a couple of new names—the Travelling something-or-others, the Ripcords, Dirty Rotten Scum, the Hairballs... Actually, we'll be known as me, Mack Mackenzie, until someone can come up with something more commercial."

The band played one last show at Station 10 last month and now Mack will be doing various recording projects with a varying line-up. "We're doing some more sessions at the CBC



## Attack

soon," he says. "Now we've been recording for two years and we still haven't released anything. We have a lot of stuff in the can."

What they're (he's?) waiting for is that elusive Major Label Deal. Mack says there are some good prospects, but nothing definite yet. "We're going to start the new album soon," he says. "And we'll have it out hopefully in the Spring—with or without a record deal... I don't know if it's going to be mellow or not, but it's definitely going to be more minimalist than *Muscle In*." And as for the Train's signature song?

"No more *Train of Dreams*. Even I'm getting sick of that song," says Mack. "Wait, don't put that down, I might decide to use it and then people'll call me a liar. Oh, what am I worried about, nobody reads that rag anyway."

Get a haircut.

Paul Gott

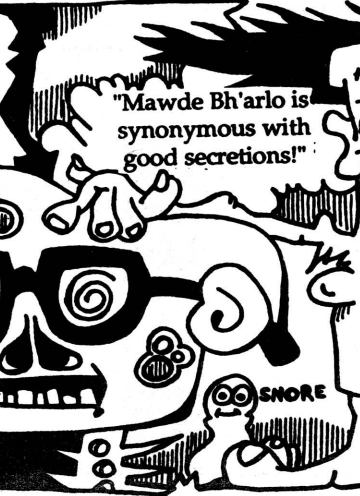
## Electric Centipedes

by Mitch Brisebois



**MARTIN'S OBSESSIVE PENCHANT FOR MALE NIPPLE EROTICA ANGERS THE S.M.U.T. CENSOR BOARD!**

for his sins, he is sent to a halfway house for vascular offenders.



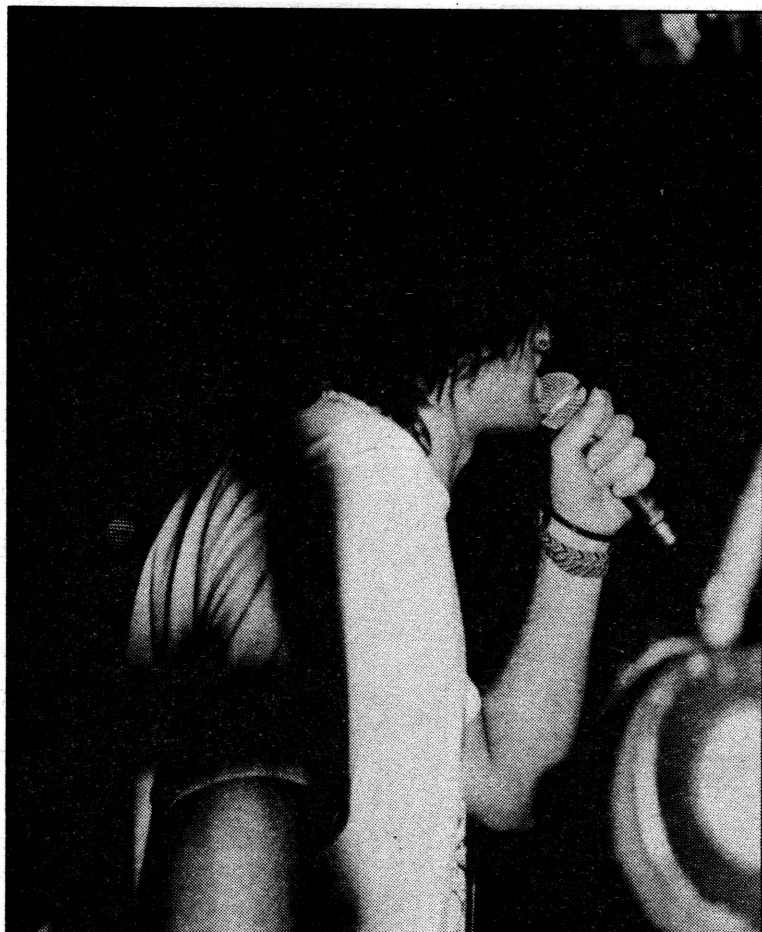
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**\*SOON CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST MARAUDING GEEZER\***





S.C.U.M.

PHOTO: DEREK LEBRERO

**Imperial Force** has trimmed itself down to a trio, with percussionists sitting in on performances. They're currently recording in the 8-track Zero Tolerance Studios in beautiful Montreal North... **Jah Cutta** is back and playing at least one gig this month... And **Yemsgane** is alive and kicking, says Bunny. The rumours of their demise (we didn't start this one) were premature...

Yet another band planning on doing some recording is local outfit **Hazy Azure**. They're planning to record five or six songs in February or March basically to shop around for a record deal but they should also be for sale around town for about \$3. "We're starting to bring into the songs all the influences of all the music we listen to," says drummer Ram. "We're beyond the boundaries of speed-core into, well,

whatever we happen to be classified under."

The band is also looking to play some more gigs outside the city, chiefly in Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec City. "We're also going to be making some more papier maché tortoisés," says Ram. (That's okay, I don't understand this Hazy Azure running joke either)...

**Jerry Jerry And The Warren Campbell Grande Orchestra Du Splendide Department:** (...or something like that). "We're not dead," says Jerry. "We're more or less stable, though right now we're looking for a new guitar player." They've been writing stuff for their new LP "...and once we finish shopping around for a guitar player we'll be shopping around for a label," says Mr. J.

Longtime fans'll be happy that J.J.

and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra have been sounding more like the Sons of old in their recent performances. "We're no longer going more bluesy, we're getting... well, I don't know where the sound's going," says Jerry. "I guess it depends on the song. Who the hell knows?"...

**Still Looking For A New Home:** The Nils are still shopping around for a new label after being one of the acts dropped by Profile when they decided to get out of the Rock Music business. "This time last year we had just got our record out and the company was telling us we were going to be the next U2. This year we can't even get a cup of coffee," says Carlos, who adds that he's hoping for a better year in '89. And it looks like they'll be getting a record deal for both Europe and the U.S., tho' nothing's definite yet.

The band is also now a three-piece with Chico having left the band and Carlos picking up the bass. "I used to play bass, so it should be no problem," says Carlos. "Chico just wanted to go one way and we wanted to go another. So instead of having a big fight, we decided to stay friends and split quietly."...

**On The Funny Haircut Front:** (Yeah, and I can talk). **Corpusse** is releasing not one, but Two new slabs of vinyl in the coming months. A new 45 will be coming out in March and a second full LP about three months after that. "The album's already recorded, and the 45 will probably be done sometime this month. I'll probably go down to Toronto to record," says John Ashton, who finds that city to be much more musically accomodating than Montreal. "In fact, it's easier for me to get gigs in Toronto than here. Nobody wants me to play in my own home town and that kind of pisses me off."

In any case, the single's called *Monstrosity* and the album's *Tales of Shock Industry*. The sound? "There's more percussion, more growling, more effects, more sounds... but you'll still be able to tell it's Corpusse for sure," says John.

**Back To The Chinese Department:** **Chinese Backwards** are setting up some dates at McGill's 24-track studio to record for some vinyl. "We're planning to have something out for

April or May... I hope," says bassist Laszlo. "We're going to be recording at least six songs and hopefully more. We've got lots of material we've been working on, so we're not worried about that."

They've played several high-profile gigs recently, including the Rialto New

Year's Eve party with Jenny Ross guesting on hair guitar and also a live performance on MusiquePlus: "Benoit asked us to do that and we had a lot of feedback from it," says Laszlo. The people were really nice—the staff especially, they were really cool."...

**And Speaking of New Vinyl:**

## Capital Punishment

by John Sekerka

Alright, let's get one thing straight. It's Streefgirks. Not Streetgirks. Dunno why everyone wants to put a "t" in there but there ain't one, okay? Okay. Now, the latest lineup is a threesome (new drummer) and the EP should be here any day. To avoid I.D. checks at gigs, lead Girk Paul (please no crocodile jokes) Hogan has sprouted humungous sideburns. This is Ottawa folks, please stay with me.

After numerous favorable mentions in this column, the Pale Descendents are kaput, becoming the first victim of the Capital Punishment jinx. Check that. The infamous Skullgiver evaporated shortly after a glowing report. (*Oh no, what will Brian Bunt do next?!!—love, the Proof Bitch, who just happens to hail from El Capital*) Come to think of it, the long anticipated re-emergence of Grave Concern has probably been drowned by this column. And violinist Pat Rooney left the Boys Next Door right after a write-up. Hmmm.

Alright, here's the kiss of death for more innocent bands that serve notice.

Cheetah and the Adopted are back from the UK where an obliging audience was found. A mini cassette gives a taste of new direction and by dang it's alright.

Finally went to see the Turncoats the other day. Kinda sloppy, kinda sporadic, kinda naive, kinda fun; they already have a devout mass following that shouts for *Brown Eyed Girl* right from the first note. Oh, and guess what they encored with... yeah... *Steppin' Stone*. They'll learn.

In Metal news, local longhairs Antix changed themes at their annual Christmas party. Instead of the usual cheesy "Best \_\_\_ Contest" (fill in your own sexist blank), they put on a toy drive benefit. Go figure.

Another holiday tradition, one with a better class of lowlife, was held on the 23rd. The Randypeters played for support of the Food Bank and local hero Lucky Ron opened with an electric (gasp!) band.

What promises to be a great tradition, the Voodoo Barbecue finally came to Ottawa. It was the same Montreal lineup, so let's not dwell on it. Gotta say special thanks from CFUO to Tony and Gerard for the cool interview. I have only four things to mention: more salt, a pinch of cajun spice, a dash of cayenne, and a bottle of tabasco sauce. Enough said.

And finally a cool record store update. Shake Records (as all matter in this universe) is inching closer to me. Here's proof:



Though the really big news is the addition of a store dog. Edwin is the ugliest albino bull terrier ever. It's tough to distinguish him apart from the management (he does inventory, I think).

So you've been disappointed by *Rattle and Hum* and you want something a little less pretentious, a little dirtier and a lot more entertaining. Well, the Rialto strikes again as they pull in *Big Time* featuring the one, the only, the ugly **Tom Waits**.

A guy who is weird enough to give Performance Art actual down-home appeal, Waits staggers and wails his way through the film in a series of concert sketches. It's getting great reviews from movie critics and Waits fans across the U.S. maybe simply because he has a lot more to offer visually and dramatically than most musicians today (especially U2).

It's happening all this month at the Rialto (check your proverbial schedule) and fits in with their policy of catering to the baser musical instincts of us base musical aficionados (someone check that spelling) (*forget it—ed.*). Hopefully, the theatre will be following up the film with a real live Mr. Waits as he's one of the artists they are trying to book later this year.

Okay, I have to say it—we can hardly Wait.

J.D. Head



## He Who Waits



**Weather Permitting** have recorded their second album on Toronto's Amok records and have a record release party happening at Club Soda on the 26th. "it seems to be on schedule," says Peter. "So I'm pretty sure it'll be there for the launch." But, considering Montreal's jinx on record releases, don't bet next month's rent on it. They're also planning a Toronto launch for the LP (called *Code Of Life*) at the Rivoli in February or March.

"A lot of the tracks are semi-live or

live in the studio so there's much more of a spontaneous sound to it," says Peter. "We recorded this one in ten days while the first one took us more than a year. I can still listen to it and not cringe."

**Big Show Department:** Seems to be the McGill Winter Carnival, starting real early this year. On the 11th, the **Asexuals**, a reformed **Ant Farm**, the above-mentioned **Weather Permitting** and the **Medicine Men**. \$5.95, beer \$1.75, show starts at 8PM etc etc

etc. It's being produced by Gary Shapiro who describes the set-up of the show as "Blood and sweat and tears and lying and coniving and anything else that'll make it work. And if it does work, I'll be putting on more shows."

He also predicts good performances because representatives from Twin-Tone records will be up to see the **Asexuals**... Speaking to the **Asexuals**, T.J. says their special plans include a possible decapitation of Shaun on stage "...and then we'll pee all over him." They're still working out the details. Not to be missed...

**OGMIGAWD! Department:** Well, like we said, the **Gruesomes** new LP is already out and they're now officially the biggest-selling OG band. "Their last tour did them a real lot of good," says OGgy person Gerard, who points out that their first two LPs sold over 4,000 each and they're hoping to better that this time around... OG still has a backlog of stuff coming out including the **Bagg Team**, **House O Knives**, **Shadowy Men** (whose British LP has been delayed due to the folding of the Cartel distribution), a **What Wave** magazine compilation (the bands have all been chosen), "plus we have an extreme outside chance of doing a UIC live album"...

Also on the way is the latest **Voodoo Train** sometime this month, which is certainly another OG success: "People actually advertise in the thing. I can't believe it," says Gerard. Asked about OG's success, Gerard says "I think it's just because we sell a lot of records. The groups are more accessible, and we'd be even more stable if the record plants would stop closing... We're also better looking."

Being true international jet-setters, **Deja Voodoo** have an album coming out in Greece this month (*Big Pile O Mud* with a couple of bonus tracks), are touring Finland in February and will probably be playing four gigs in the U.S.S.R. (around Leningrad and the Black Sea). "That would make us the first Canadian band to play the USSR," says Gerard. "We'll do the world like we did Canada—we'll start on the outer bits and work our way inwards."

**Case Of Mistaken Identity Department:** You folks who follow this column on a regular basis have been reading about Edmonton-import band **Broken Smile** and their efforts to find their singer who has been touring the world in a catamaran (or something like that). Well, he's back, and they'll



Chinese Backwards.

be playing shows soon. But it is very important to note that They Are Not The Band Of The Same Name that has been playing at Deja Vu and other such clubs to the wanna-be-rich-and-act-like-an-asshole crowd.

"We talked to them about it and they said they'd registered the name months ago. Then they went and registered it the next day," says Brian of the Real Broken Smile. "And we'd registered the name years ago in Edmonton, but that only works for the province you're in, so I'm not sure what's going to happen." We'll keep you posted. (Our helpful RearGarde suggestion is to let the slime have it—it's not that great a name anyhow. Then you can have a New Name Launching Party, get really rowdy, get arrested, and get famous. You're welcome)...

Finally some good news and some bad. The good is that there is a new small pressing plant in Ontario called Golden Records, so now Canada has

not one but Two—count 'em—Two record pressing plants. This might cut through some of the incredible indie backlog in this country... The bad news is that Poodles is closing, shutting yet another door to bands. And rumour has it that a long-standing venue will also be closing its doors this summer. More as we get details, but go out and support your local clubs as well as the bands—see a show today!...

And, well, th-th-th-that's all folks. If you have info to provide on Canadian bands, or if you would like to write a scene report from your particular corner of the world, please do drop us a line at RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4. Or call us at (514) 483-5372. We actually did get that answering machine.

Last and least, **Banned Info** was compiled from the RearGarde wired services by Paul Gott and J.D. Head.

## The Big Show In T.O.

By David James

Right from the top lets talk about Joan Jett (we seem to do a lot of that at RearGarde). This time concerning the "bring Joan to Toronto" petition that is circulating around T.O. Last month I mentioned that it could be found at Rock n Roll Heaven, however since some neandrathalic bouncer saw fit to confiscate it, that is no longer true. Have no fear as the petition can still be found at the Incredible Record Store, Flashjack's Posters or the main Sam the Record Man where there are true rock lovers still left.

As a tie in with a projected Uncle Sam interview (which will appear next month—Man. Ed). I suppose it's time I did a glam update since much has changed in the past few months.

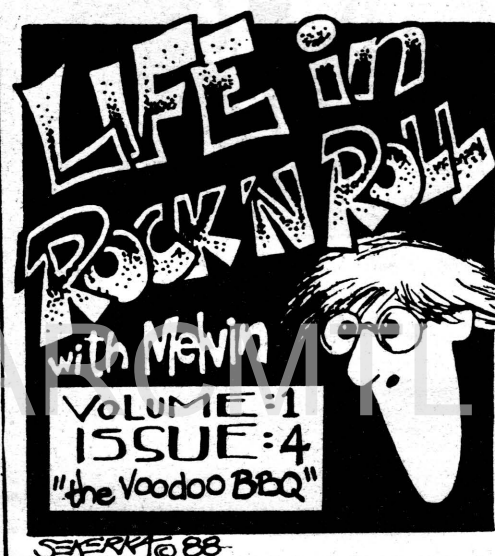
**Succsexx** have done very well for themselves and are reportedly preparing for a major gig in New York city. Their last show here was opening for Kix and was a major disappointment. In spite of this the band is good even if they think they are, they are also obnoxious, arrogant, annoying and ugly. I know a lot of people who absolutely hate them so naturally I think they're great. There's no denying that on a good night they have real power.

No one hates Zap City though since they are less of an attitude band, less "in your face" than Succsexx with a reliance on a more complex funky groove in place of a straightforward attack. They recently lost their singer after a few well recieved American dates so they haven't been seen in a while although they definately haven't broken up and are working on new material.

If people seem basically like Zap City you'd be hard pressed to find anyone who will admit to liking Blackglama. If Succsexx are "in your face" this is just taking things too god damn far and into the realms of the downright unlistenable. Nevertheless, they are important because of rumours that they have actually been signed by someone. This actually wouldn't be all that surprising since in addition to sharing a drummer with Alta Moda the band does have a clear image and stage presence and they are certainly memorable. Maybe it's the Viletones syndrome again, you know, be as awful and overthetop as humanly possible and they'll beat a path to your door. It worked for the Stooges, Pistols, Germs and Deadboys so maybe Blackglama is following some grand master plan; or maybe not.

Serpentine got off to an initial slow start after losing two members, guitars and drums, and then indulging in a mess of insults, nastiness and generally unneeded bad feelings which impressed no one. They have since returned with an opening slot, with Vixen where they had little trouble upstaging the hapless headliners and were well recieved. In fact for various reasons at the time of writing they are the only regularly gigging band.

Meanwhile a former guitarist from Serpentine is putting together a band called The Shake scheduled to begin serious work in early 89.



WE INTRODUCE A NEW CHARACTER TO LESSEN THE PRESSURE ON OUR MAIN MUSIC LOVER, DIVERT SOME OF THE FAN MAIL AND INJECT MUCH NEEDED SPARK INTO A PLODDING STRIP. SO WITHOUT FURTHER AD000.....HERE'S LENNY (THE SLEEZE-BALL SCUMBUCKET):





PHOTO: TWILIGHT

D

B C



It took two interviews on two radio stations to put this one together. The first was on the Rhythm and Bruises show on CKUT. That one was eased along by beer consumption and almost got me fired. So the band was invited to Music Underground Montreal on CRSG where the rules are a little more lax. Only two members turned up for the second interview—Jerry (guitar) and Eddie (guitar aussi). A little more serious this time around, it's the interview below.

RearGarde: Okay, this is the second time we're trying to do this interview. We started this about a month back and got booted off the air.

Jerry: Three times! (laughs)

RearGarde: Yeah, second-highest for the show. We once got shut down seven times.

Jerry: It was the best interview we ever did.

RearGarde: But you don't have any beer with you this time 'round.

Eddie: Nope. Straight sober. We're going to be nice boys this time.

RearGarde: Okay, first question: The U.S. tour. You guys aren't even supposed to be in town now...

Eddie: That got screwed up. Combat decided to scrap the deal because we weren't getting enough guarantees. They were willing to put in money to the deal, but it just wasn't worth it. So we're going to wait until the second album gets released and hopefully tour in the spring or summer.

RearGarde: But this is the third time your tour's been cancelled isn't it?

Jerry: Yeah, we just can't get out of the city.

Eddie: It's a curse.

RearGarde: Have you guys ever made it down to the States?

Jerry: Once. We played CBGB's during the New Music Seminar and that was pretty wild. But that's it.

RearGarde: Any thought of changing management or labels to get a tour organized?

Jerry: It's not really anyone's fault. Instead of the tour we're going to record the second album—which makes it not that bad—and after that they're going to have more to play with.

Eddie: It'll be a lot better for us—we'll probably get bigger shows, bigger venues.

RearGarde: When I was talking to Phil, who writes the lyrics, he was saying that the second album will be a concept LP. So, what's the concept?

Eddie: It's weird. It's basically the beginning of the universe, the beginning of man and civilization. It's a very scientific approach to what's going on and how it started.

RearGarde: So it's very down-to-earth, not too deep.

Jerry: Yeah, just everything from the Big Bang to Man. (laughs)

RearGarde: So how come you guys, who have a reputation for hanging around Foufounes and drinking major quantities of beer, are writing about cosmic happenings on your albums.

Eddie: It's weird—I think we've got our concept of the band totally confused somehow. Our music's serious, what we write about is serious but then on stage and us in person is far from serious. And the name's not very serious, so I think we might have got a little confused there. But we like it, we're getting along just fine.

Jerry: It's good, it throws people off. They hear us and then they see us and we're totally wacko dudes, y'know. And we're always totally wasted before we perform (laughs).

Eddie: (laughs) ...that's not true, of course.

RearGarde: Isn't this the Voivod approach to writing music, tho—writing epics?

Eddie: No. Voivod's fiction, we're non-

fiction. We're more realistic, not science-fiction. We're real honest-to-goodness look-it-up facts.

RearGarde: So when are you guys going to get haircuts and a major label deal?

Eddie: The New Look? I don't know...

Jerry: After the fourth album I think.

RearGarde: What about getting a Canadian deal for your stuff? The album's pretty expensive here in your homeland.

Jerry: Combat's looking into that. There've been a few enquiries, but I think we just haven't found a company that's big enough for the distribution we need. I don't really know but we're hoping to have the second album released here and get the first LP released domestically by the same company.

RearGarde: Is the sound different on the second LP?

Eddie: Yeah, the sound is a lot more progressive. It's slower... more nice.

RearGarde: More nice. Okay, that's something I wanted to ask: You guys go from really slow tempos to really fast ultra-hardcore...

Eddie: Yeah, that's basically it. Try to cover everything.

RearGarde: But the second album's slower.

Eddie: Yeah, the way I always like to describe it is that the first album has a lot of fast parts with the occasional slow part and the second album has a lot of slow parts with the occasional fast part. We use the fast parts a lot more tastefully on the second album.

RearGarde: Is this going to be a more commercial album then?

Eddie: No. It's still really heavy.

Jerry: It'll scare the cockroaches out of your apartment for sure.

RearGarde: How did you guys start out? Were you all just hanging around together and then decided to play music?

Jerry: I'll handle this one. Me and Eddie were looking for a drummer for two years and nobody called us. And then we got a call from Mike Zabo from Gen Con and he was starting a band or something. So eventually me and Zabo were writing songs and we met Phil and he was going to be the bass player, but that didn't work out so Zabo went out on tour with Metal Church. In the meantime Phil met Dave Javex from Vomit and the Zits and they were going to start a joke band—Eddie, Phil, Jeff and Javex. And then I came in and said I'll play for sure. So we went in and wrote two songs in our first practise and about two weeks later we kicked out Javex and that was about three years ago.

RearGarde: And you guys are still hanging out together.

Eddie: Still getting wasted. (laughs)

Jerry: You've got to be pals if you're in a band that wants to go anywhere.

RearGarde: Since your tour got cancelled, what plans do you have for shows?

Jerry: We might do a surprise Killer Dump show...

RearGarde: A what show?

Jerry: Killer Dump. That's our other band. We get totally pissed and go on stage at Foufounes and just do covers—the

Stones, U2—we've done it twice before. No announcement, we just call up the radio station the day of the show and say "Yeah, Killer Dump's playing, features ex-members of DBC, come on down it's free."

RearGarde: You guys were playing a lot of benefits for a while. Are you all benefitted out?

Eddie: Nobody's asked us recently.

Jerry: We did two Psyche-Fests, a RearGarde Benefit, Comics Core. It's just a real pain transporting all our equipment all over the place—it ends up costing us money.

Eddie: We're trying not to play too much in town any more. We thought we were playing too much, every couple of months. Now it'll be eight months between the last show and the February 13 show at the Spectrum—I think that's a healthy break.

RearGarde: A lot of bands are saying that they can't play Montreal more than once or twice a year without playing the city out.

Eddie: Yeah, that's why we're slowing down.

Jerry: I've had people say that we could play every month, but we don't want to play every month. Then people would start saying "Well I saw them last week, why would I want to see them again?"

(At this point, Rula wanders into the studio and Jeff phones in but refuses to answer any questions or to ask any. Many comments are made about Jeff's sexual practices and Phil's laundry. Eddie reveals that he Does wear underwear, and the interview degenerates accordingly. A live DBC tune is played and we attempt Serious Question number nine...)

RearGarde: Okay, you guys are known as 'speed-metal'...

Eddie: No, we're known as 'Dead Brain Cells' (ho ho ho—ed.).

RearGarde: Right. So Dead Brain Cells are known as speed-metal. Is that something you like?

Jerry: We don't mind it—the influence is obviously there. But we don't consider ourselves speed-metal any more. When we first started out we wrote songs as fast as possible, but now we've slowed down so much...

RearGarde: Are you guys getting old?

Jerry: No, we're just getting more fucked up.

(everyone laughs)

Jerry: ...more progressive.

Eddie: Is that how you say more progressive... "more fucked up"?

Jerry: Well, it's like the tempos are totally screwed up... Something like that, I don't know.

RearGarde: What bands have you guys seen recently that have impressed you?

Eddie: The Beatnigs, they were really cool.

Jerry: Yeah, they really impressed me. But we're going to see Slayer next week—Slayer rules. And Public Enemy is coming up. Hopefully that'll be a good show.

RearGarde: What about local bands?

Eddie: The Doughboys are happening. They're fun.

Jerry: And the Campbells. And Groovy Aardvark.

Eddie: Fail-Safe.

RearGarde: Now didn't you guys get in trouble last time we talked? Have you mended all the rifts with the various bands in town?

Jerry: Yeah, I think so. I told everybody it was in good fun. I mean, some people in Montreal have this attitude about us—they think we're rock stars because we've got a record contract.

Eddie: Yeah, we've got a limosine and all these girls...

Jerry: Everything we do and say they take so seriously. You know, we told 'em it was just in fun, no harm done. Call us fags, we don't care...

Eddie: And we have nothing against gay people—it's just an expression.

RearGarde: Aren't you guys rich by now?

Eddie: (laughs) I still owe last month's rent.

RearGarde: You guys have your roots in Gen Con and Vomit and the Zits—all these old hardcore bands. Do people ever get pissed off that you're not doing that type of music?

Eddie: No. No problems.

Jerry: You know if Gen Con had stayed together I think they would have been as big as D.R.I. I think they were one of the best bands I've ever heard in Montreal.

RearGarde: Okay, we're running out of time and I know you've been looking forward to this question so, if you could be any flavour of ice cream, which one would you be and why?

Jerry: I'd be pistachio because it's nice green and I kinda like weird colours.

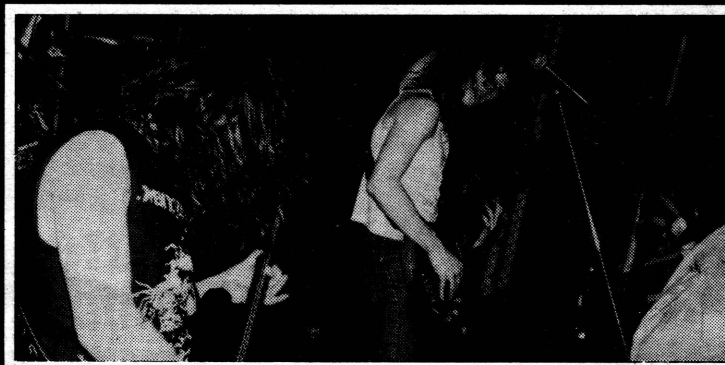
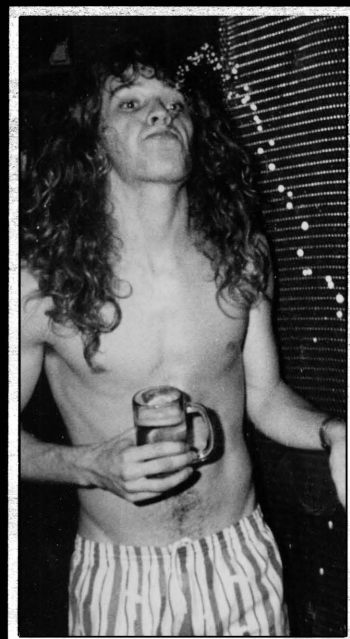
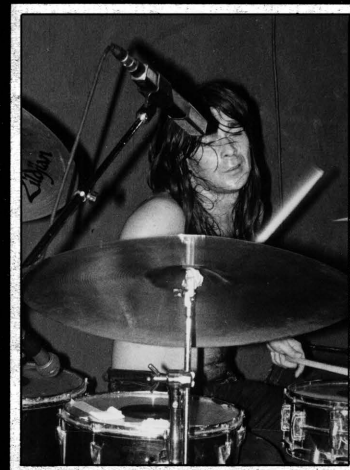
Eddie: This reminds me of the Dating Game or something.

RearGarde: Well, whoever answers right gets a date with Rula.

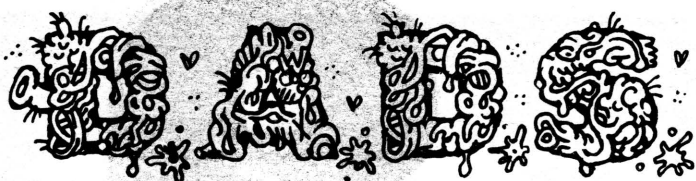
Jerry: Actually I'd be Neapolitan because it's three colours and the more colours the better. It's like me—colourful.

Eddie: I can't think of anything for me, but I'll answer it for Jeff. He'd be pistachio because it matches the colour of the mold in his living room.

Interview conducted by Paul Gott.







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San Francisco's DRI, hailed by many as the kings of crossover, recently played their second Montreal show in less than four months at the Union Française. I spoke with singer Kurt Brecht who along with his brother Eric formed DRI in 1982. Also in attendance were a hippie bass player and a guy eating spaghetti.

**RearGarde:** This is your seventh time playing in Montreal in the past three years or so. Do you enjoy playing here?  
**Kurt:** It's one of my personal favorites. We hit Montreal anytime we go out on tour, and we flew up here a couple of years back to play with Voivod at the No Speed Limit festival. Montreal, along with L.A. and New York are three of the places we play the most.

**RearGarde:** You recently published a book. How did that come about?

**Kurt:** It's just about some shit that happened to me over a two week period between *Dealing With It* and right before we started writing material for the *Crossover* album. Just showing how rough things were at that time.

**RearGarde:** Is it true that you were living in a tree at the time?

**Kurt:** Yeah, I'm sort of like a modern day Tarzan.

**RearGarde:** I think a lot of people would find that surprising considering how successful DRI had already become at that time.

**Kurt:** Nobody was surprised more than I was. I couldn't understand how we could be playing shows with Slayer in front of five thousand people, selling thousands of dollars worth of shirts and still end up with no money. All the money we made went back into the band. We had to borrow a lot to just keep the band alive. Even now we're still heavily in debt.

**RearGarde:** Yet anybody who knows anything about hardcore or underground metal knows the name DRI.

**Kurt:** Well sure, I mean I was walking around downtown today and I couldn't believe how much bootleg stuff there is. I saw DRI necklaces, DRI wallets, patches, stickers, shirts. None of which we make a cent off of.

**RearGarde:** That says a lot though about how much DRI merchandise is in demand.

**Kurt:** I saw our patch in the window of this store right beside the Led Zeppelin and Doors patches. These are the bands that I grew up listening to. Those guys are all millionaires though and we're always broke. The number of albums we sell does not seem to be at all relative to how popular the DRI name is.

**RearGarde:** On the new album you've switched from the more hardcore oriented Death Records division of Metal Blade to the straight Metal Blade label. Does that have any significance to how DRI is classified as a band?

**Kurt:** When Metal Blade first started it was for strictly metal bands. Afterwards in order to sign more hardcore type bands like The Mentors, Dr. Know and Beyond Possession they had Death Records. We were the biggest selling band on Death and when Slayer quit Metal Blade we became their biggest selling band period. So they switched us to the Metal Blade label. It doesn't really mean anything though in terms of our music.

**RearGarde:** A lot of other bands who started off in the hardcore scene like Suicidal Tendencies and Jane's Addiction have recently been signed to major labels. Are you satisfied with Metal Blade, or do you hope to move up to a major label someday?

**Kurt:** Everything's been pretty cool. They've helped us about a lot financially. We just did a video for the song *Suit and Tie Guy* for the Headbangers

Ball thing they have on MTV. Metal Blade helped us out a lot on that.

**RearGarde:** Does the video have a storyline, or is it just live?

**Kurt:** It has live footage mixed with acting parts.

**RearGarde:** Do you act in it?

**Kurt:** No, they hired actors. It's pretty intense, there's lots of stage diving and slammin'. We're happy with it.

**RearGarde:** Your music has changed enormously since the first LP. Yet there are still a lot of bands like Napalm Death and Cryptic Slaughter who have become popular using the million mile an hour sound of your first album. Do you think you would be as popular today if you had stayed with that sound?

**Kurt:** We were influenced to play that way by other hardcore bands that we were into at the time. I can't say that we were the first ones to play that way. We were four separate individuals and it just came out that way. We played with Napalm Death in England and I thought that they were really cool. I didn't find they really sounded too much like us. They're still young though and I'm sure their next album will show progression.

**RearGarde:** It didn't.

**Kurt:** Well, then I doubt they'll last. Everyone has to grow eventually. I still love playing the old songs.

**RearGarde:** How did DRI begin as a hardcore band as opposed to a metal

band?

**Kurt:** Growing up in Texas, obviously I started off listening to regular arena rock bands. Then in '81 I went to see TSOL at some bar and it just blew me away. Everything was on a much more personal level. Afterwards I just copped a really bad attitude towards heavy metal. You couldn't talk to the bands after the show and they always had those big barricades separating the band from the people. We've played a couple of shows like that and it sucks.

**RearGarde:** At the Spectrum show you pushed a bouncer on his ass for throwing a kid offstage.

**Kurt:** I know what it's like to get beat up by bouncers. My brother got clobbered by a bouncer at an Anthrax show and he's had back and neck problems ever since. We've had a lot of fights with bouncers especially this last tour. At one show recently, a bouncer walked out and he was fucking with the crowd and stepping all over Spike's equipment, so Spike kicked him in the ass and sent him flying into the pit. At a show we just played in El Paso I jumped into the crowd and was slamming around with the kids, when I tried to get back on stage they wouldn't let

me on. So when they started to drag me out, Spike ran into the crowd and hit the guy with his guitar. All of a sudden we were in this huge scrap with a bunch of bouncers.

**Hazy Trevor:** We're not a big band or anything (It's not true, he's Huge) but it seems to me that being pestered for autographs by all these assholes would become pretty annoying after awhile.

**Kurt:** Personally I can't figure out why the hell anybody would want my autograph. But I never turn anybody down. The minute you say no to someone you're automatically labeled an asshole.

**RearGarde:** A couple years ago when you played at the Rising Sun I remember seeing this girl come running out of the mens' can screaming that she had your razor and that it still had whiskers in it.

**Kurt:** (laughing) Weird kids.

**RearGarde:** Recently a lot of the older arena bands like Ozzy and Judas Priest have been picking up the younger thrash bands to open for them. Do you ever see DRI touring with a big band like that?

**Kurt:** Actually, Iron Maiden asked us to go on tour with them but we couldn't do it because we had other commitments. We would like to go on tour with a big band because we've always headlined our own tours so it seems logical that it would be the next step for us.

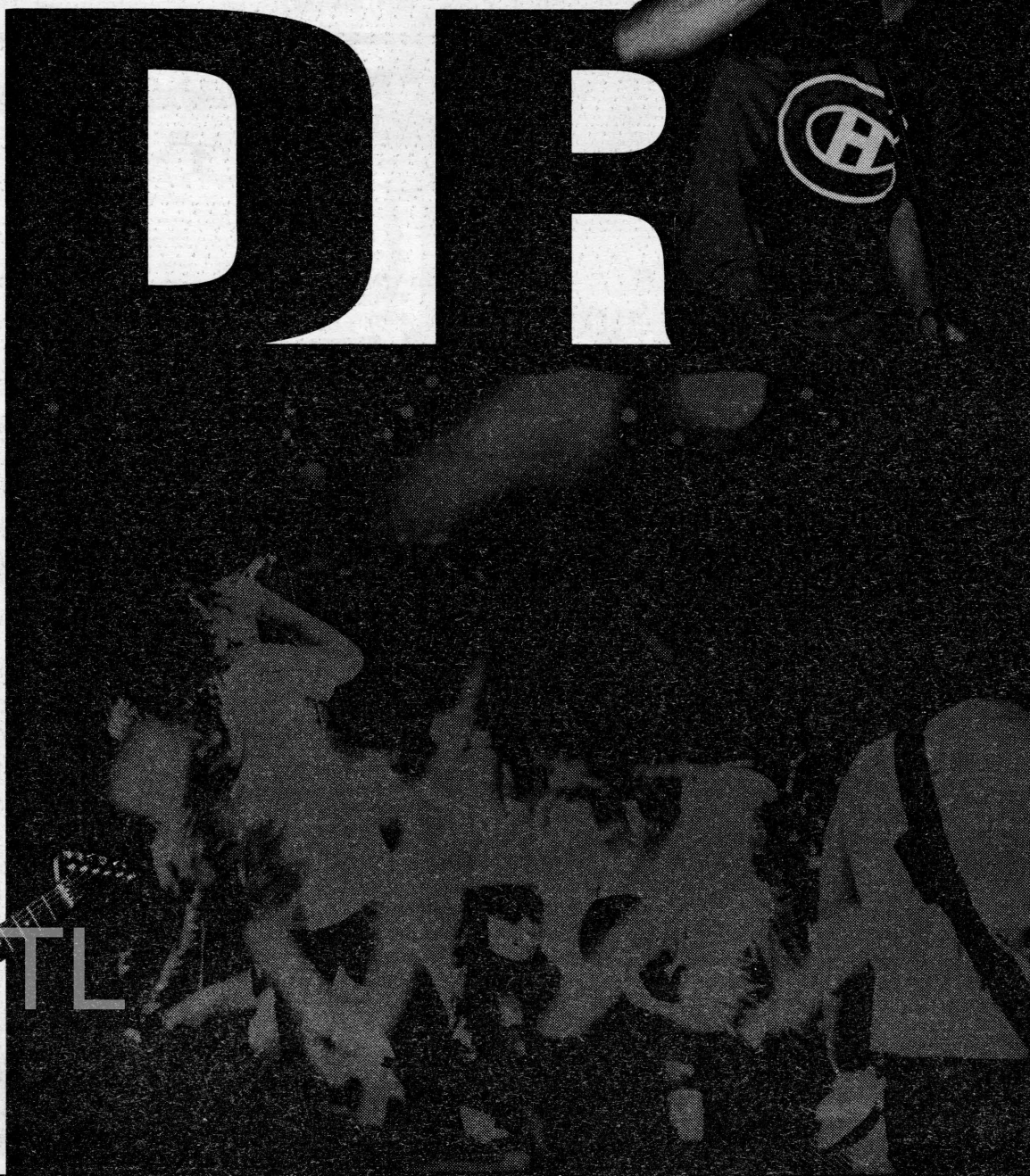
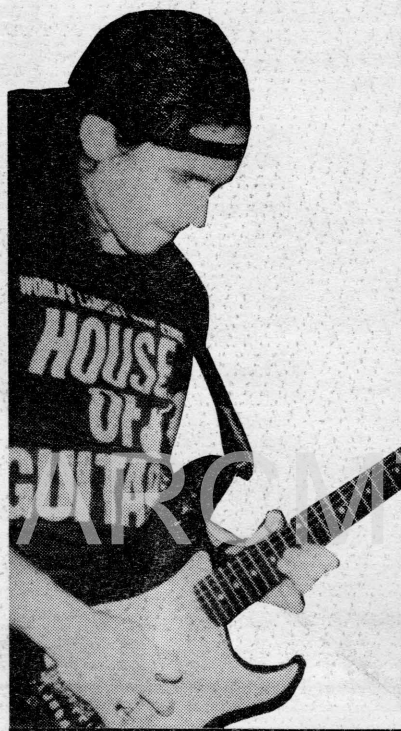
*As it's been over a year since I've done an interview for this rag, I'm not up on what goofball question I'm supposed to ask to end the interview. I decided to go with the mass produced toy deal. I also managed to track down Spike Cassidy, DRI's guitarist, for this question. The ice cream question was kindly provided by Rula.*

**Kurt:** I'd like to be Felix's Fisher-Price Video Camera. At the border we were filming the lady and I tried on her hat. She got mad.

**Spike:** I would be a Transformer so I could hide from people. If I was an ice cream I would be Rocky Road because it has marshmallows and it's nuts.

**Quote of the evening by an Infamous axeman:** Glen says: For five thousand bucks I'll suck your rock hard cock, and often. (Take out a classified—ed.)

Interview conducted by John Coiner.







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## CRSG TOP 33 1/3

FOR THE WEEK

W.I.A.	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	THE PIXIES	SURFER ROSA	VERTIGO
2	SCHOOLY D	SMOKE SOME KILL	JIVE
3	FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY	CORROSION	WAX TRAX
4	BAD BRAINS	BAD BRAINS LIVE	SST
5 cc	VOIVOD	DIMENSION AATROSS	MAZE
6 cc	SARAH McLACHLAN	TOUCH	NETTWERK
7	FOETUS	THAW	SELF IMMOLATION
8	VARIOUS	REAL AUTHENTIC SAMPLER	RAS
9	RAPEMAN	2 NUN'S & A PACK MULE	TOUCH N GO
10 cc	FAIL SAFE	NO ONE'S LAUGHTER	DEMO
11	BILL BRUFORD	EARTHWORKS	E.G.
12 cc	SHUFFLE DEMONS	BOP RAP	STONY PLAIN
13	NEGATIVLAND	ESCAPE FROM NOISE	SST
14	SWALLOW THE BIRD	SWALLOW THE BIRD	SCORPIO
15	DENNIS BROWN	INSEPARABLE	WKS
16	PAUL HEAD	TRAIT	WAX TRAX
17	VARIOUS	FAST & BULBOUS	IMAGINARY
18	BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS	STOP THE VIOLENCE 12"	JIVE
19 cc	MOEV	YEAH WHATEVER	NETTWERK
20 cc	COLOR ME PSYCHO	PRETEND I'M YOUR...	RAGING
21	STANLEY CLARKE	IF THIS BASS COULD TALK	PORTRAIT
22	KATIE WEBSTER	SWAMP BOOGIE QUEEN	ALLIGATOR
23 cc	SKINNY PUPPY	VIVI sect VI	NETTWERK
24	DINOSAUR JR.	BUG	SST
25 cc	MY DOG POPPER	668 NEIGHBOR OF THE BEAST	PATOIS
26 cc	MIRIODOR	MIRIODOR	CUNEFORM
27 cc	INFAMOUS BASTARDS	LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH ...	F.M.A.T.Y.F.
28	SOMEWHERE	LIGHTS IN A FAT CITY	THESE
29	MARILYN CRISPELL	GAIA	LEO
30	VARIOUS	NEW AFRICA 3	CELLULOID
31	VARIOUS	HUMAN MUSIC	HOMESTEAD
32	TEST DEPT.	TERRA FIRMA	SUB ROSA
33	LES THUGS	LES THUGS	VINYL SOLUTION
1/3 cc	BAB	THE PILL	CASSETTE

\*WIA - Where It's At

New releases can be sent to CRSG Radio, 1455 de Maisonneuve West, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 1M8. (514) 848-7401

## CKUT TOP 35 DECEMBER 88

ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1 MINISTRY	LAND OF RAPE AND HONEY	WEA
2 *SONS OF FREEDOM	SONS OF FREEDOM	SLASH
3 *MARY MARGARET O'HARA	MISS AMERICA	VIRGIN
4 *GRUESOMES	HEY!	OG
5 *JEFF HEALY BAND	SEE THE LIGHT	ARISTA
6 SINGERS & PLAYERS	VACUUM PUMPING	ON-U SOUND
7 KMFDM	DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP	WAX TRAX
8 FLOUR	FLOUR	TOUCH & GO
9 1000 HOMO DJ'S	APATHY	WAX TRAX
10 MOTOR TOTEMIST GUILD	SHAPUNO ZOO	ROTERY TOTEM
11 VOLCANO SUNS	FARCED	SST
12 BILL FRISSELL	LOOK OUT FOF HOPE	ECM
13 FRONT 242	FRONT BY FRONT	NETTWERK
14 MR. BIG MOUSE	DROP THAT GHETTO BLASTER	S.S.R.
15 SUN RA & HIS ARKESTRA	LOVE IN OUTER SPACE	LEO
16 DAS DAMEN	MARSHMELLOW CONSPIRACY	SST
17 PATA NEGRA	BLUES DE LA FRONTERA	Carthage/Hannibal
18 Alpha Blondy & Wailers	JERUSALEM	TRAFIC
19 SOUNDGARDEN	ULTRAMEGA OK	SST
20 *TPOH	LOVE JUNK	CHRYSLIS
21 VARIOUS	FUTURISM & DADA	SUB ROSA
22 PUSSY GALORE	SUGARSHIT SHARP	CAROLINE
23 VARIOUS	ACID JAZZ VOL.1	ACE
24 ETTA JAMES	SEVEN YEAR ITCH	ISLAND
25 Sweet Honey In The Rock	LIVE AT CARNEGIE HALL	FLYING FISH
26 BAD BRAINS	LIVE	SST
27 *SARAH McLACHLAN	TOUCH	NETTWERK
28 *VARIOUS	FAULTS TO FOLLOW	C.I.A.
29 NON CREDO	RELUCTANT HOSTS	ROTARY TOTEM
30 KATIE WEBSTER	SWAMP BOOGIE QUEEN	ALLIGATOR/WEA
31 *MIRIODOR	MIRIODOR	CUNEFORM
32 *JOE MENDELSON	BORN TO CUDDLE	ANTHEM
33 VARIOUS	NICARAGUAN FOLK MUSIC...	FLYING FISH
34 SIX WINDS	ELEPHANTS CAN DANCE	SACKVILLE
35 R.E.M.	GREEN	WEA

\* denotes Canadian

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Top 35 based on rate of airplay

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# KAREN FINLEY

*Ms. "Open Your Mouth" Karen Finley was in town lately to do that performance monologue thing down at the Foulbournes. What a day to do it, too... it was the dawning of the national decision to go ahead with free trade. So, of course that was a topic of conversation. Her performance that night was brutally introspective, dealing with honest observation that made you spit blood... well, almost. At the very least she's liable to give an extreme jump-start to your brain. And you know what? Even though she didn't have a helluva lot of time for this casual chat, she turned on the charm, left out a lot of the cussing, and proved to be one damn intelligent (and very accommodating) woman.*

RearGarde: So it's the day after our national election, and free trade's happening—or, it will be happening. It's sort of a sad thing. It seems that the young people of the country are scared shitless, and our parents' generation is completely into it.

Karen: I'm against it too.

RearGarde: Are you? It would make it easier on you, though.

Karen: So?! That's how it goes, big deal. How do you mean free trade would make it easier on me?

RearGarde: Easier for American artists to get up here...

Karen: That's how it goes. I think it's the same as preserving the French language. I think, of course, you're never going to stop exchange between different cultures, and I think that Canada has always been very kind to having festivals or having artists coming in to your music clubs—I don't think it will be stopping that. But, I think that's the Canadian culture. And products, well I'm wearing a made-in-Canada hat. I think there's just certain things that you should do and also it should go with that and you can learn and find out what your boundaries are.

RearGarde: It's the losses that people are afraid of, not the gains.

Karen: What are you going to be losing? Coca-Cola? Burger King?

RearGarde: No, it's more like loss of identity.

Karen: I meant the losses of... the losses for...

RearGarde: The next generations.

Karen: Yeah, I think so. I'm sorry. I took your question the opposite way. Yeah, there'll be extreme losses. As an American, the reason why I don't like free trade is because I don't like the idea of American culture being known as "fast food". That's the only growth industry that my culture exports now. I think that's really sad. We're known for Pepsi and Burger King. And I don't really find that exportation of plastic wrap is something to be proud of. As an American I have a great love for Canadians because they're my neighbors, and I also have a great reverence for the country on an emotional level, as I believe all Americans do. Looking at the two countries independently as being the two children, it's very important to rear both children to their individual best. I think that a lot more things will happen for Canada. America may have more people, but just because there's more doesn't mean it's better than somewhere that has less people. I think that's how people are rating their cultures. America is so much more populated, but with the extreme of opening up free trade what will happen is that the realization of what has been lost will hit us and we'll try to bring back the "endangering of the species".

RearGarde: Think so?

Karen: I think that's what will happen.

RearGarde: Well, with all the oversensationalized news reports of "damned if you do and damned if you don't"...

Karen: Boycott! Boycott! For sure! Just don't buy. The younger people eventually will come into power, and so eventually the older people will pass into the next world, so it's inevitable. It'll happen.

## The Shock Art System

RearGarde: Okay, art. I guess. For a young person watching the New York scene from afar, there's the latest craze of "shock artists": GG Allin, Richard Kern and his films, Kathy Acker, Lydia Lunch, yourself, the monologues and the rantings... are you really in that league?

Karen: They're all my colleagues, and we all basically came from the same area, so I guess you could call it a system. We've all got our individual styles and we never consciously got together. I am friends with Lydia Lunch, but we all started on

our own way. When collective styles happen, be it Impressionists or Neo-Geo, you can see the same styles in terms of performance.

RearGarde: A lot of Lydia's monologues—well, I don't mean to insult you with comparisons—but a lot of her monologues come from the voice she gives to the pain inside. Do your ideas come from internal or exterior stimulus?

Karen: I'm honored to be compared with Lydia—she's one of my favorite people. I think my work comes from both, sometimes from public, personal, and universal. So it's really three different levels.

RearGarde: So it's like observation, realization, and...

Karen: Transcendence.

RearGarde: Yeah... I read a piece on you that said you had file cabinets full of scripts. Do you use them?

Karen: I use them a lot. I'm constantly collecting and writing more material, so I go back sometimes, but also using new material. And come January I'm being published, so I'm working on transcribing my work to fit into a book. It's not going to be scripts of certain performances, it's going to be in more of a prose setting, so the timing will be different. That's what's going to be the hard part of it, because I don't want it to be in a sort of play setting or in a poetry setting. I want it to be different from those ways, a little bit more stream-of-consciousness style.

RearGarde: Say you pick a theme for your monologues for a week or a month of performances—are they always the same or do you do a lot of improvising on your scripts? There's got to be variations for each performance.

Karen: I sometimes have a piece that I will be travelling with—right now I'm travelling with about four different pieces. I do different work for different settings, like work for theatres in New York. I've done work with dance companies that incorporates actors and performance art. I do solo monologues with myself. I do music shows... so my work is very diversified depending on the setting. I selected the piece I'm doing tonight (a solo monologue) because I wanted to do the opposite from what I did the last time I played here. I did a very "nightclub" show last time where I did take my clothes off, and I was really happy with it,

but this time I want to do the other extreme, something a little more serious.

## Il Mondo di Mondo New York

RearGarde: Everybody's been to see *Mondo New York*: why the bunny rabbits? I was trying to pick out some kind of symbolism for the bunnies or the easter eggs or the sequins had to do with greed, and I sort of figured that the eggs represented all the little kids who got chocolate, and how they always want more. The sequins seemed to represent the rich mommies who would buy them all the chocolate and perpetrate their children's greed. Did that occur to you?

Karen: Uhh... I don't think it was as conscious as all that. It was from a larger piece, and as a performance artist you want to have a ritual of sorts. I wanted to have a ritual that was taking something of my body. It starts with the "I hate yellow", and then the eggs go and become this yellow mess that I put all over my body, but in the end it's really kind of beautiful. I wanted something that would look really celebratory, a celebration of this ritual before I then made my dogma of poetry happen. It almost has a holiday feeling to it. It just seemed to make sense to me. Those kind of unconscious things just come to me, and then I do it. I didn't want anything to really represent anything. What I selected for *Mondo New York*—I mean, there's a lot of things that I don't like about that movie—but I did like my part. I liked the fact that when I asked them to film it, I just filmed it when I was doing a performance. They didn't do it in Hollywood style, which is doing it about five different times. I like the fact that they didn't censor me, with my language. That's why I was happy about it. In terms of the film itself, I was concerned about to what degree my presentation would be done, and what would be done with it. It is a B-movie. I thought it was a lot of fun.

(Okay, so much for *Psych 200* interpretations...)

On Her Recorded Musical Indulgences

RearGarde: When your album *The Truth Is Hard To Swallow* came to the station I work at, we had a field day with it. There were two things I took note of. You didn't put it out on your own, did you?

Karen: No, I didn't. I did the record with Cramm (?) Disc in Belgium, and it was a

combination with PowWow in New York, which in itself was a combination with Art International, and I'm the only artist on this label. I did make the record for people like you, who don't have censors and limitations, and can play them to make people aware of what those things are.

RearGarde: The one track that seemed out of place was *Tender Animal*. It's a beautiful song, but just didn't seem to fit with the other material. It is about animal liberation, in a sense... which is a bit of a political stance. I just wondered how it got on the record.

Karen: Yeah... I wanted to do something that was a ballad and my work is something that uses language that's usually four-lettered. But I will be continuing to do work that's like that.

Besides her album, Karen has recently worked with Sinead "Skinhead" O'Connor on some dance duets, and also took part in a somewhat mysterious project entitled Mr. Big Mouse. The acid-house EP called *Drop That Ghetto Blasters* getting club and radio exposure here in Montreal as is her twelve-inch of *Lick It*. Karen hadn't even heard the final results by the time she was here.

## On Her Performance

RearGarde: Has anyone ever told you that your rhythm and cadence in the heat of performance is like that of a crazed evangelist?

Karen: I have been told that! I am possessed when I perform, so I look at it as possessed state of being, but I want to have my delivery different than dead-pan poetry, so I think I take pride in that format.

## The Vegetable Question

RearGarde: I have a dumb (albeit outdated) question to ask you... you seem to be a likely candidate for the vegetable question, so here goes. If you could be any vegetable, which would you be and why? Please don't say a yam...

Karen: I think I'd like to be a banana, it's just one of my favorite fruits. I just like the texture and the way it tastes. They come in bunches, so you wouldn't be lonely.

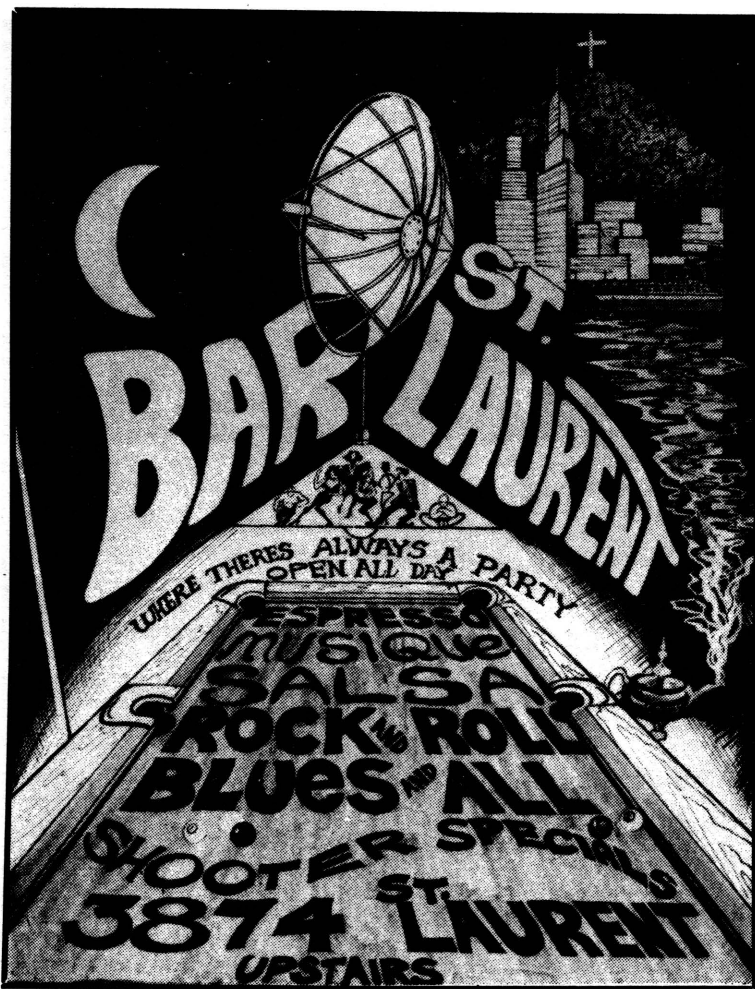
Interview done by "rrrradical feminist vampirella" Lorrie. (Yeah, right!!)

PHOTO: TWILIGHT

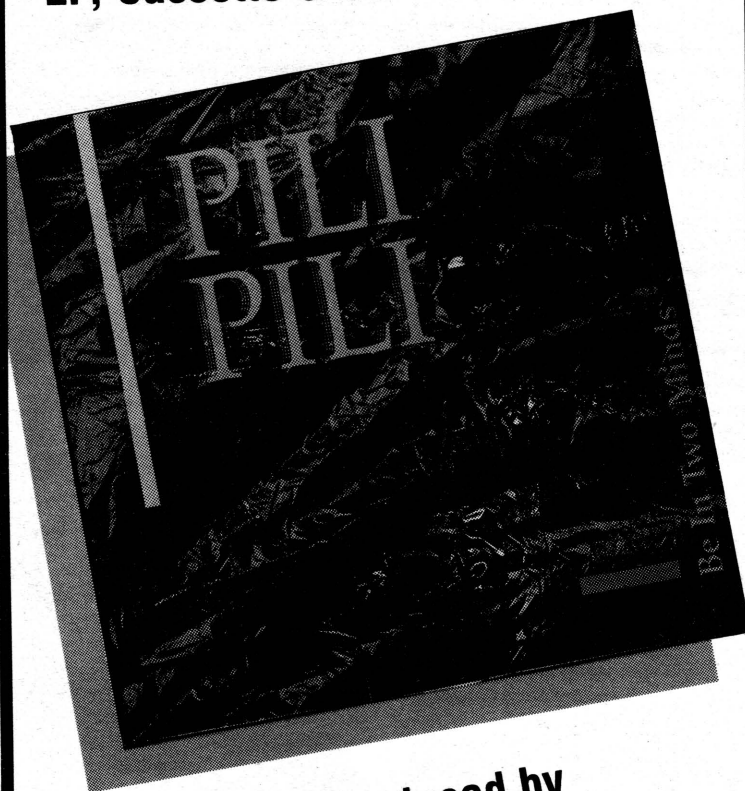


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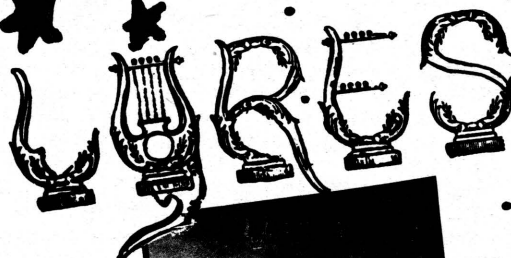
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# BOSTON

# Rock

## or "WHAT I DID ON MY WINTER VACATION"

by Paul Gott

So your beloved editorial staff (both of us) took off for a week in October, down to that home of the Bruins, Old Ironsides and the dirtiest harbour in the universe (at least that's what they said on TV): Boston. An interesting place 'cause we've always considered it to be sort of a mecca of rock 'n roll.

Well, a week down there got rid of a few stereotypes, a few more preconceptions and led us to the conclusion that, yeah, Boston really does Rock. Following is a beginner's guide to Boston written by someone totally unqualified to do one—me. Maybe an Outsider's Guide would be a better title...

First of all, it was my first time travelling down to the U.S. of A. by plane and it was a neat little surprise to find that you go through customs in Montreal: U.S. customs—populated by a bunch of overweight guys with moustaches and accents that locate them from somewhere around Atlanta. I guess they do this in Montreal so they can stop Subversives, Communists and Liberals up here and save themselves the bother of deportation.

Anyhow, our customs officer just couldn't believe we'd never been arrested and had even more trouble with the fact that we'd never been refused entry to the U.S. in the past. But since we didn't turn up on his little screen our streak continued and we were on the plane. And we got to Boston early—who woulda believed it...

### Day One

We were met at the airport by Kris, who was to be our guide throughout the week, along with Dave and Adam, two more recurring black-leather jacket characters in our narrative. Together we did look a bit like a Sandinista commando squad, but made it out of the airport nonetheless.

Saying that there's a lot going on in Boston would be a bit of an understatement, so we were immediately off and running. Into the airport at 8 PM, over to the local fast food joint for a cement taco and on to see **Bullet Lavolta** before midnight.

The show was happening at a place called the **Green Street Station** which was in the middle of a nice little suburban area of town. Seems that it used to cater to just the neighbourhood drinking crowd with more acoustic-oriented stuff until recently. "They started booking some local rock bands in here just once or twice a week, and then the owner saw the amount of people coming in and started to expand," says

Kris. "That happens a lot—when one venue closes down, people will find another. The market's there, all you have to do is tap into it."

The place is small (capacity around 200 if you push it) and it ain't too crowded this night since the show was unannounced. It was specially put on for some (unnamed) Major Label that wanted to check out the band, but the label reps never turned up. Oh well, bad news for the band, good news for us—an unobstructed view of what is one of Boston's hottest new acts.

We'd just discovered that despite the 76 different brands of beer bottles lined up over the bar, they only served four—Budweiser, Budweiser, Rolling Rock and Budweiser—when the opening band turned up.

When I say "turned up", I mean it. The **Loving Six** are loud. They make a lot of noise for a six-piece band, and there's only three of them. Cut down to the guitar-bass-drums basics, they power their way through some blues-based distortion instrumentals, though I think they shouted a word or two in one of the songs. A little too Zeppelin-like for my tastes, they really cook at times (meat loaf, probably).

Bullet Lavolta crowded onto the stage and, not to be outdone, turned their amps up to twelve and churned through some tunes in their copyrighted (or is that 'copyrighted') speed-garage style. They seem to have done to garage music what D.R.I. has done to hardcore—added metal influences to create a whole new sound.

Whatever, the band is graced with less-than-mediocre sound on this night and any subtlety in the music is lost. Then again, who really cares about subtlety? The crowd didn't, and the band didn't seem to notice. When the group was

rollin' and everyone was moving they were quite an impressive sight. Their encore started with the vocalist coming out and doing a lounge lizard working of a tune by Dean Martin (or somebody—I'm sure Deano must've done it at some point in time). Evidently, he actually does entire shows like this but, fortunately for us, not tonight. Then the band powered up and burned to an end. In all, quite a pleasant little evening.

Alright, back to Kris's place where we meet Missy the Attack Cat, try to unclog our refried eardrums and check out the fridge (half a dozen apples, two dozen beers and some mustard). Kris, as I pointed out is our Official Guide To The Boston Scene. She, together with her family name—Fell—is the Local Music Editor for Boston's local music tabloid, **Boston Rock** and also writes the local music column for the **Boston Phoenix**, the burg's 200-odd page weekly paper with a ridiculous circulation of 400,000 or something. She also fits into our category of all-around Cool type of person. This not only makes her a well-qualified source, but also means her place is well-stocked with music papers and propaganda.

And there is a lot of propaganda—apart from various magazines, they have wonderful weird things like a **Boston Band Calendar** (1986), a **Boston Rock 'n Roll Cookbook** (1985) where members of local bands give their favourite recipes (my fave is 'Star Trek toast'), a **Boston Rock Trivia** book (1985) and **Rock Jocks: A Pillowbook For Women** (1985) where members of various bands strip down to their jocks for their female fans. Oh yeah, there's also a quarterly listing of Boston bands published in the

**Phoenix** that's 40 pages of small print—more than 1300 bands (and there's probably another thousand that don't get listed).

"The Boston scene was once described as 'About a hundred overly-intelligent misfits from the Midwest' and that might be more accurate than most people would think," says Kris, explaining why none of the folks we met in the music scene had that nifty little Ba-a-wston accent. "A lot of people come here to go to college and then stay. It's really interesting because you get people from all over the country and a real mixture of ideas."

### The Student Connection

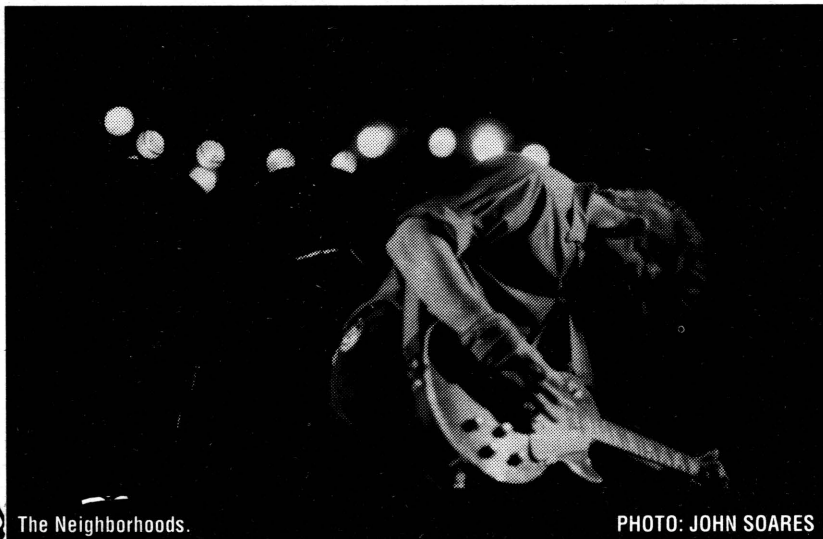
If you've never been to Bawston, it's difficult to explain how much of a university town it is: There's more colleges in the place than there are good restaurants. You've got Harvard and M.I.T. and the University of Boston which is gradually absorbing the downtown area like some 50's sci-fi movie monster, and countless other universities and colleges hanging around. It's estimated that one-third of the town goes home for summer vacation... All these students create a huge market for beer, pizza and rock 'n roll.

"Boston has three things that make it unique," sez Mac Stanfield, bassist for local band **Scruffy the Cat**. "You've got your students with the money, your radio stations with the support, and your clubs that are willing to book the bands, and pay them. I don't think there's anything that spectacular about the bands—we're just a product of our environment."

There is the Berklee School of Music in town, but they're quickly dismissed as anything significant: "It's all this wimpy techno-pop stuff crap," says Adam. "Three credits for plugging in a synthesizer."

I have met folks who've gone to Boston and had a rotten time coz they've never located the music scene. Come to think of it, I've been to Boston before and had problems locating the scene. This is probably because there's no real centre where things happen; you have to know what's happening at which clubs and, most importantly, how to find the clubs. The best advice—raid a record store for local mags and Buy A Map...

Our next night we head out to a little place called the **Channel**. This 'little place' could probably fit two thousand without stressing legal limits or running out of monographed napkins. Here you can hang around the bar, go into the back bar, go into the back room behind



The Neighborhoods.

PHOTO: JOHN SOARES

RAIL STATION

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# 14 rocks



The Slaves.

the back bar, play pinball, buy some pizza or popcorn, watch live videos, buy a Channel sweatshirt, visor or keychain or—oh yeah—join the 1,000-or-so other folks watching the band.

In keeping with glorious *RearGarde* style, we miss the first two bands this night and only manage to see the second-half of the *Unattached's* set. Someone was saying that the band's management had something to do with *Bon Jovi* and that's the best comparison I could pick for these boys. The screaming blondes in front of the stage didn't seem to mind, but it was enough to drive me to drink (for which I was in a pretty good place).

They left to a good round of applause (not from me—I was busy balancing my beer), and then the *Del Fuegos* were up. Local lore has it that these guys were a rockin' little Boston bar band that got a record contract, delivered an overproduced album, and then slid farther into mainstream mediocrity from there.

Their show at the Channel was a sort of re-start: The first in a long time and with at least one new member. It was a decent re-start with enough fast cow-punk rock 'n' rollers to keep the crowd bopping and a good version of my Fuego fave *Nervous and Shaky*. But there was still an edge missing—somehow they ended up sounding like they wanted to be the Rolling Stones circa 1972. Not the best ambition in the world.

"There is no rock 'n' roll underground in Boston any more. Everyone in the city knows about rock 'n' roll," says Kris. "The only underground in the city is Hip Hop and even that's pretty much above-ground now. There aren't loft parties any more where you can see five bands for three bucks. Now people play at the Channel."

Great for the bands—more money and more recognition. But maybe a little less cozy than a tiny tinny club; a little less rock 'n' roll. Coming soon to the Channel are a couple of Canuck bands, *Voivod* and *BTO* (no, not on the same night). "BTO are really big here, they'll pack the place," says Kris. BTO are big because they've drunk too much beer.

After the show, we head over to *Foley's*, a bar next to the fabled *Combat Zone*. By the way, the *Combat Zone* is no more. It's not even a *Combat Block* now with virtually all the peep shows, educational book stores and porno houses moved out to the 'burbs or somewhere.



1986 BOSTON BANDS

Anyhoo, *Foley's* is appropriately packed with drunken old Irish men and drunken young college kids with funny haircuts. I don't know who this *Foley* guy is, but his bar's real quaint: Stripped down to the basic decorations of booths, chairs and walls and with a certain irreverence for legal capacity and closing regulations. They also serve genuine bottled Guinness Beer (from Ireland, not Rimouski) though everyone's still drinking Bud.

## In The Neighborhood

The next night we find ourselves back at the Channel to see a Boston bar band standard: the *Neighborhoods*. And a great standard they are, too—kind of a cross between the Ramones, early Iggy and AC/DC. There's just three of them on a big big stage in a big big club, but they still manage to look big and sound bigger. They power chord through some 2 1/2 minute pop songs and do *Paranoid*, *Highway Star* and a miscellaneous Cheap Trick song for an encore. At least they have a sense of humor.

The *Neighborhoods* are the best band I saw during our stay... I'm still wondering how the guitarist's palm tree hair managed to stay so perfect after all that sweating and bouncing around.

They're also part of a Boston phenomenon called *Bands That've Been Around For A Decade*. While bands and related folks in local scenes in other cities (like Montreal) tend to drift into real jobs by the time they're 25, there's a fair number of folks over 30 in the Boston scene. The locals think this is a result of the situation of Boston, not because there's money to be made.

"It's easier—cheaper—to live here than in New York, and you don't have to be a hair band like you'd have to be in L.A.," says Kris. "College radio is really supportive of local bands and even the major stations are pretty supportive. It makes this a great testing ground—Boston will break a band nationally, it's a well-respected market. But I don't know where the bands on

major labels come from. They look at Boston bands a lot, but they don't choose too many."

Apart from the fact that there are at least three college FM stations downtown—Harvard, MIT and Emerson College—there's also some Rock Wars going on between two of the majors. *WFNX* takes the slogan "Boston Rocks" and promotes concerts and even has local stuff in regular rotation. But against their 3,000 watts is the 30,000 of *WBCN*. They're trying to slice into that market with their own local programming and promotions. Another nice thing is that Boston's oldies stations seem to have peaked and are starting to slide in the ratings wars.

It's this radio support and cheap living that make it possible for bands in Boston to rock on without lots of monetary support. This, however, might be changing.

"I think that the scene may be dying because rents are going up," says Sally Cragin, an entertainment writer at the *Phoenix*. "If you have to have two jobs to survive, the scene's going to die out. There used to be a great scene in New York ten years ago but bands who moved there just imploded because it was just starting to get expensive and it was impossible to afford to play in a band and not make any money doing it."

I don't know if the Boston scene's on a slide—it certainly was hopping when we were there, but everything's relative I guess. One immediate problem though is that there's no place to go after a show... Boston doesn't specialize in 24-hour eateries. So, after the *Neighborhoods*, we jumped in the car and headed off to the nearest International House of Pancakes ("IHOP" in Bawston-speak) for some of their internationally famous award-winning butter-milk pancakes (and some onion rings). It was full, so we headed out to the second-nearest IHOP.

Just to demonstrate how deserted Boston is after 3 AM, there're cops posted in IHOPs to make sure that trouble-makers don't raid the cash or steal the pancake recipes. While waiting for a table, our designated Constable On Patrol politely informed me that my wrist bracelet was considered to be a "lethal weapon" and further informed me that wearing lethal weapons gets you five years in jail in Massatewsets. I politely informed him that I was from out of town (in my best French accent) and further hostilities were avoided by removing said lethal weapon. I could've sworn this was the country where the right to bear arms was supposedly enshrined in the constitution. But nothing about bracelets, I guess.

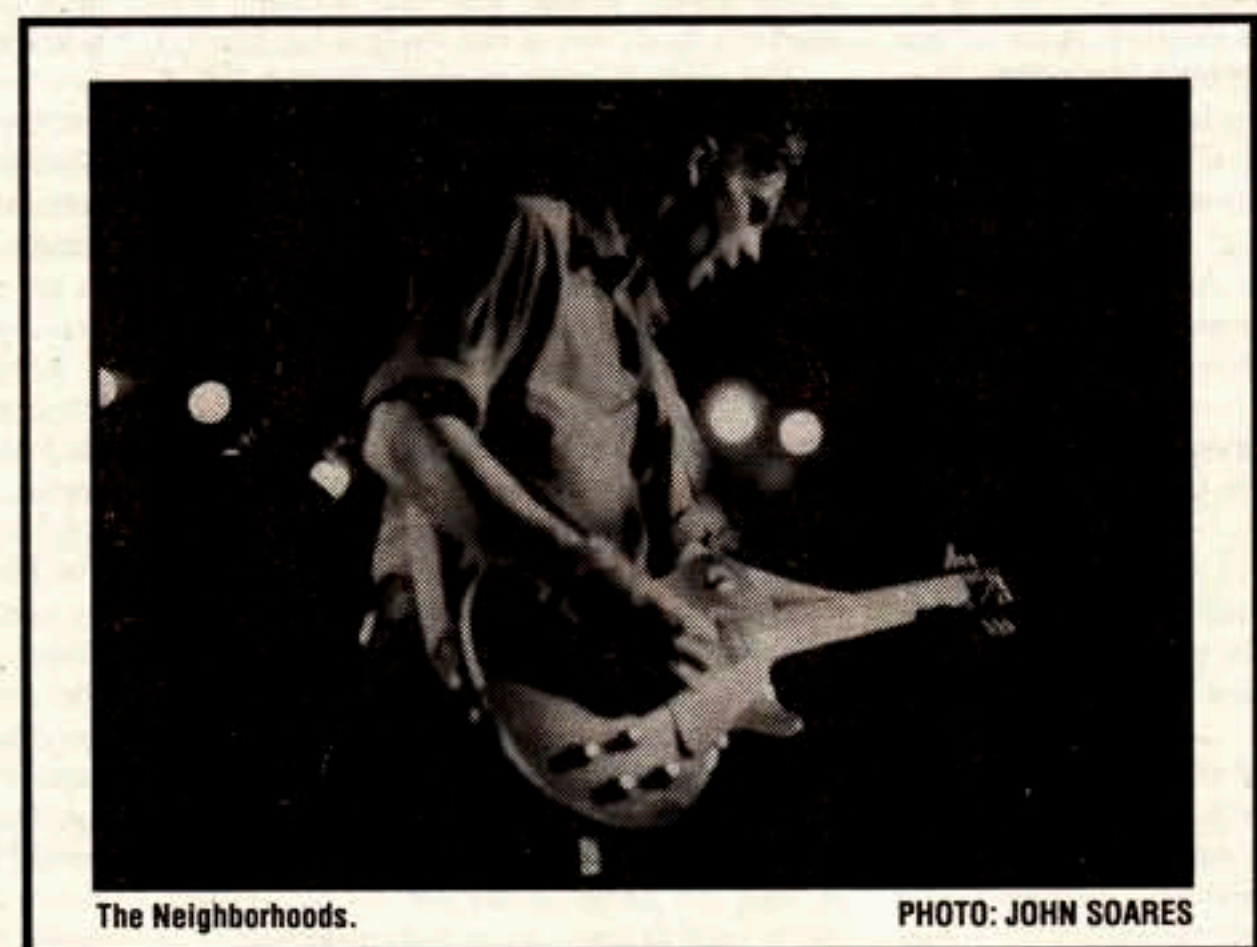
## The Benefit

Next night, our Channel streak continued with a ten-band benefit/record launch of a new local compilation album called *Rock Turns To Stone* (reviewed in our last ish)...

At this point it seems only right to do our fashion review of What's In in the Boston alternative set: For guys, big hair is In tho' the Johnny Ramone cut is quite popular with the bands. Also, black boots, straight jeans and an all-round southern-Ontario rocker theme. For girls, once again big hair is The Ticket, along with black boots and short skirts. Everyone has a leather jacket and shaggy is definitely All The Mode this year...

Okay, back to our regular programming: A trio called *Rash of Stabbings* is on stage as we enter. Can you spell G-l-a-s-s-T-i-g-e-r? I knew you could. Twangy power pop like R.E.M., but I don't like R.E.M.

Things warm up a bit with the *Matweeds*. More power pop that's a little more solid than



The Neighborhoods.

PHOTO: JOHN SOARES

the *Stabbings* and that definitely starts moving when the saxophonist changes over to rhythm guitar. The tempos and the band members warmed up throughout their set and really rocked on their last couple of tunes. Should've started with their last two songs and gone from there...

The *Blackjacks* appear next with what is

rumoured to be their seventy-fourth reunion. Time hasn't changed their sound much—they sound very much like a punk bar band out of 1979. They could use a second guitar to fill in some of the holes in the songs, but they do have some really great tunes including a rockin' cover of a Johnny Thunders number.

The *Titanics* are next and they can really slice out some tunes in the Boston garage-rock tradition. They're damn good considering all their songs sound pretty much alike—at least they've written two good tunes. They could use a little more imagination, but the spirit and the talent's already there. Oh yeah, covering AC/DC's *TNT* is a little questionable.

The best band (as often happens) is last: The *Slaves* are kind of a male *Shaggs*, with the psychedelia look and sound. But the music grunges through at 45, making it a hard-edged garage sound. The 60's influences only really turn up in the guitar solos and their haircuts (or lack thereof). Loud and fuzzy, they held on to a lot of the crowd who really should've been heading home to study for mid-terms.

"Boston is kind of like a three chord magnet because we've built up a reputation," says Mark Melloccaro, Big Cheese at *Vild Records*, the new label putting out the *Rock Turns To Stone* comp. "The scene's not really that big, it just seems that way because the city's so small. You look out into the audience when you're on stage and there's 50 bands looking back at you... It's bigger than a Buick but smaller than a Winnebago."

It may be Small in the land of the Large, but the Boston scene really sprawls for someone used to a two-club city. Again, the city seems to have benefitted from geography, as well as academia...

In the late 60's and early 70's, Boston was a big town for imported music. Touring bands would come here first because we're so close to England," says Jim Kozlowski of *Relativity Records*. "That created a really good buzz for the music, and the college scene gave a lot of bands a lot of places to play. College students are a bit discriminatory, but mainly they just like to party. Plus, people in Boston really pride themselves on finding bands first."

## On The Record

One great way to discover local bands would be to go into local record stores, many of which stock local acts quite prominently. The coolest store we found was *In Your Ear* on Commonwealth Avenue (or "Comm Ave" in Bawston-speak)—a new and used record store which included a section of about three to four hundred used local discs. But most local stores aren't afraid to have local acts next to Bon Jovi and Madonna (or at least in the next section), and even the *Tower Records* chain store in town has a unique policy towards local acts: They have an entire aisle devoted just to Boston bands.

"There's no other Tower record store in the country that even has a local section," says Chris Taupin, a buyer for their Boston store. "They don't sell like the majors, but they do sell. And I overstock on everything." Tower also promotes bands through something they call "Six O'Clock Rock" where local acts play free concerts on a stage set-up just outside their huge Newbury Street store.

Also to be checked out is the entire chain of *Newbury Comics* (and records) who have large alternative sections in all five of their stores. But

## Mr. Beautiful Meets Mr. Wonderful

by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

On a recent sojourn (what a word) to Boston I met up with a producer named Steve "Mr. Beautiful" Barry. Mr. Beautiful I first heard of a few years ago when I was in Boston and there was a compilation record release for an album called *All Hard*. This album was a comp of Boston Hard Rock/Punk/Hardcore bands. Some of the bands who were on the record include *Gang Green*, the *Swinging Erudites*, the *Blackjacks*, *Last Stand* and eight others.

This time in Boston I caught up with Barry to find out what he's been up to in the last few years. Between bites of his lunch, sips from a Bud (they didn't have Samuel Adams) and talk about the Wade Boggs affair, I found out. Sort of.

Barry, first off, is a producer with some credibility. "Labels pay attention to stuff I do," he says. A recent example of this was a band he produced called the *Bags* who were scouted by Mr. Beautiful and ended up on *Restless Records* in the States.

After that initial contact with the *All Hard* compilation I wondered if he was still working with the same type of bands. Yes and No was the answer. These days he's working with bands like the aforementioned *Bags* (wimpy rock in my opinion), *One Life* ("Dance-orientated hard rock" according to Barry), 1. 4. 5. ("Plain straight ahead rock") as well he's now exposing new Boston Rap crews through his own *Beautiful Sounds* label.

He "discovered" the local Rap scene virtually by accident: "I was listening to WMBR which is a local college station out of MIT and they had a Rap show," says Barry. "They had kids from all over the Boston area live in the studio so I called the station and got in touch with the kids in the station who were doing the show."

The result of this initial contact was the compilation album *Boston Goes Def* and then the release of a cassette only compilation called *Def Row*. *Boston Goes Def* was what he called the "quintessential first Bos-

ton Rap LP," and *Def Row* is now being looked at by other labels for major distribution.

Barry feels that producers are never really get the due they are owed. "People really never know what the producer has done to an album, how much he's contributed. I feel we don't get enough credit."

One way he tries to correct this is to fill up the gaps on records. This way the listener knows it wasn't the band who put the phony cheering or vignettes of music between the tracks. "I like to fill the dead spaces, I like to put things inbetween songs to piss-off radio people." Which it does.

As for the local Boston scene Barry sees it on a decline right now mainly due to one reason. "The raising of the drinking age to 21 is not good for the Boston music scene." This has locked out a lot of people who used to go to shows and now can't. "The local intimate scene isn't happening anymore," says Barry. "Now there's 15 small scenes."

## SCRUFFY THE CAT







PHOTO: JOHN SOARES

# noise 15

he moved. The girls just kinda stood around and played mid-tempo garage-rock complete with whining vocals. Good songs, tho... If they kicked into a higher gear and worked on them lungs, they could do a lot more with them.

The Deniros follow with a high-energy R.E.M. sound. They certainly moved around enough. Now if they could get rid of those severely off-key backing vocals, and play with that distortion switch a little, I think they could really develop into something as opposed to the rather Generic Alternative Band they are now.

At this point, we're planning a slow torturous death for our waiter who's asked us if we'd like a refill fourteen times in the last 23 minutes. He's saved by the Slaves—our second time seeing them in two nights, and they're even better than they were at the benefit. Maybe they just work better in less cavernous clubs coz they really filled the place with moozik. After three songs, the singer says "We haven't broken a string yet, we haven't blown an amp. There must

again, things are starting to happen."

"Right now, the scene's about 300 bands and 2,000 musicians," says Tristram Lozaw, editor of *Boston Rock* magazine. "It revitalizes itself coz every young kid on the East Coast comes to Boston to be in a band. It's because New York eats 'em for lunch and they hate L.A.—they want to Rock 'n Roll."

*Boston Rock* is part of the large support network built up for the local scene. Published every month (or so), it's a tabloid 'zine that covers the local scene and beyond under the slogan "All the music that gives us fits". Kind of like Boston's *RearGarde*, only a little more irregular (if you can believe that).

Also happening is something called the *Noise*, another monthly tho' magazine-size time, which contains a wide range of local stuff, live reviews of touring bands and a really weird sense of humour. And, speaking of trying to be funny, there's a new tabloid rag called *The Spy* which does for the local music scene what the

prehensive basis...

## The Final Concert

Another Boston band that fits that Been Around For A Decade category is *Scruffy the Cat*. They were playing a special noon show at the Channel, sponsored by local radio and supposedly aimed at getting the business crowd out during their lunch break. The place was packed again, but the people in front of the stage were the regular black-leather jacket crowd. The few business types in attendance stayed well back, looking nervous and munching pizza.

Scruffy kind of sound like a cross between the Del Fuegos and Del Shannon: Using a garage-rock style with a 50's-sounding organ, they really chug along in a boppy sort of way. They did a nifty version of Mr. Shannon's *Runaway* and did one really smokin' instrumental—much better than their latest LP.

We head off after the show for a quick shopping trip around the city. Passing a cement mixer (of all things) in a construction site, we're reminded of the country we're visiting: As the mixing barrel turns on the back of the truck, large painted words appear... "Fight... Drug Abuse... Just... Say No!" Great. I guess these are socially-conscious construction workers, as opposed to the type that drink enormous quantities of beer and harass women on the street.

We head down to Harvard Square courtesy of the Boston Transit Corp (the "T" in Bawston-speak). Harvard's kinda neat coz outside its ivy-covered walls are all sorts of croissanteries where the rich kids sip designer tea, while Harvard Square in the middle of all this is a major hardcore zone with kids in torn jeans on skateboards generally hanging out and (hopefully) bringing the property values down. One of those nice little contrasts that life shoves our way.

Anyways, just off the Square is a place called the Garage (36 JFK Street), a two-storey place with some neat little stores including a Newbury Comics and an *Allston Beat*. The *Allston Beat* stores are kind of rock clothing-type places with everything from good, cheap leather jackets, to belts, to shirts, to shoes and boots, to PVC dresses. Mostly black, predominantly Cool and decently cheap.

Also recommended is *Hubba-Hubba* (932 Mass. Ave) for your real rock 'n rollers. Not for the faint of heart (or the easily embarrassed) it has an incredible selection of leather, rubber and PVC clothing together with uncensored t-shirts and some fetish gear and bondage stuff for those so inclined.

One other highly-recommended place (that we never made it to) is the *Garment District* (200 Broadway) which is supposed to be a huge (warehouse-sized), varied used clothing shop.

There's of course a lot more to tell about the Boston scene, but the best way to experience is just to go and explore. The keys: 1) Don't be afraid to use the "T". It's fast, it's cheap and it may look like it's about to fall apart, but it's

**WFMX 101.1**  
**THE NEW ROCK ON THE BLOCK**  
HERE'S WHAT'S HOT THE WEEK OF 9/30/88

TOP 25 ALBUMS		
RANK	ARTIST	TITLE
1	SIOUXIE AND THE BANSHEES	Peep Show
2	THE BANGLES	Life's Too Good
3	THE SCREAMING TREES	Timber
4	THE SCREAMING TREES	Shooting Rubberbands at the Stars
5	EDIE BRICKELL	Edie
6	HUNTERS & COLLECTORS	True
7	UB40	Wool
8	HUGH CORNWELL	Reverence
9	THE RAILWAY CHILDREN	Drum of Life
10	PATTY SMITH	Go Bang!
11	SHRIMPBACK	Starfish
12	THE CHURCH	Lovely
13	THE PRIMITIVES	People
14	HOTHOUSE FLOWERS	Workers Playtime
15	BILLY BRAGO	Blue Bell Knoll
16	COCTEAU TWINS	A.B.
17	HERNETT	Temple of Low Man
18	CHROMED HOUSE	Don't Be Afraid...
19	THE ROBERT CRAY BAND	Nothing's Shocking
20	JANE'S ADDICTION	Kurdt
21	THE BIBLE	Radical Departure
22	RAINDOG ROGER	House of Love
23	HOUSE OF LOVE	Short, Sharp, Shocked
24	MICHELLE SNOOKED	Ram
25	THE SMITHS	

TOP 10 SINGLES		
RANK	ARTIST	TITLE
1	THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS	All That Money Wants
2	UB40	Debris
3	THE BANGLES	Debris



Rash of Stabbings.

PHOTO: JOHN SOARES

be something wrong." Good attitude. And their version of an old Queen song fits in nicely with this Boston trend of tacky covers.

The Slaves open the *Rock Turns To Stone* comp and they're part of a new generation of Boston bands that are starting to emerge from the scene.

"Our old crop of garage bands has matured and they've grown out of that music, or they've grown out of the scene altogether," says Kris. "The cream rose to the top and the next batch of bands are still fighting it out. The important thing is we've got the forum for the next wave to break out—we've got the clubs, the radio stations, the papers and the people."

"It seems to take people a lot of time to get it together in the music scene. People don't move here and immediately get involved," says Sally. "I quit doing the music column for the *Phoenix* a year ago because the scene was just the worst it has ever been. But now it's starting to pick up

*National Enquirer* has done for Elizabeth Taylor... Made it fat and alcoholic? Nah, the scene was already alcoholic, but the *Spy* tries to bring local music into the world of the seamy tabloid. The big headline in the issue we got a hold of was "Druid Scoffs Drummer's Eerie Premonition & Heads for Gig... SINGER'S CAR BURSTS INTO FLAMES ON I-95." Rah rah rock 'n roll.

We asked our friend Dave if this was some kind of joke or what. "Well, it was supposed to be funny when it started out," says he. "But I'm not sure if it was supposed to be That funny."

Apart from these, there's *Metronome*, a tabloid that's a little more pop oriented; *Musician*'s is basically a tabloid classified ad rag for (that's right) musicians; *XXX Fanzine* is also great for covering the hardcore scene; *Thick* (around 40 pages), comprehensive and fairly regular, it's probably one of the better punk fanzines in the country. Other mags also abound, though on a less regular and less com-

## Johnny Tells The Whole Truth

by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Around Boston there are a ton of bands, probably more per square inch than any other city in North America (except for maybe Amos). One band that's been around forever it seems in the Boston area has been the *Blackjacks* led by the suave Johnny Angel.

The *Blackjacks* have released two albums to date (*Basic Blackjacks* and *Dress In Black*) and are presently reforming after taking time off away from each other.

Angel has also led other bands through the Boston clubs including one that received worldwide notoriety. He had a popular local tribute band called *Punks Alive* which played the greatest hits of Punk Rock. "It was definitely a hit, I think there's a market for those old songs to come back," says Angel.

There was also the *Thrills* who didn't last long in the Boston area and instead moved to New York. "We were like *Black Flag* meets the *Ronettes*. We moved to New York and they hated us there, so we broke up."

The most famous of his other bands was the *Swinging Erudites* who released a few singles and an album called *Unchained Parodies* which parodied bands like the *Georgia Satellites*, *Emerson Lake & Palmer*, *Bon Jovi*, *Paul McCartney* and every mid-60's beach song among others.

The *Swinging Erudites* had their most famous hit with a cover of the *Bangles*' *Walk Like an Egyptian*—the *Swinging E's* as they're

known in Boston, dutifully changed the meaning and title of the song to *Walk With An Erection*. The *Bangles* were none too pleased about the song: "They sent us a letter of intent to sue but they never got around to suing us," explains Angel. All together the record sold over 40,000 copies around the world.

The *Swinging Erudites* were famous around Boston for their crazy live shows including one time they opened for *Henry Rollins*, members of the *Erudites* were reading poetry a la *Rollins* and a not-too-pleased *Rollins* demanded they get off the stage. As Angel explains "all we ever wanted to do in the *Swinging Erudites* was just come out with a crazy record. During our shows we used to do jazz versions of *Anarchy In the UK* and *White Riot*, then we started doing covers of *Village People* songs." Recently the *Erudites* came out with a 45 called *Bring Back Richard Nixon* backed with a parody of a *10,000 Maniacs* song so I guess you can say they're back.

Angel is another one who thinks the local Boston music scene is now suffering, more of a case of terminal preppie than of anything else: "All those Boston University kids look like young Dan Quayles." As for the bands, they're on a different train of thinking.

"There's now a tendency in the Boston music scene towards bands that look like slobos," explains Mr. Angel. "They're flannel-shirted, wear carpenter boots and dirty baggy jeans—I mean who are they rebelling against? They're

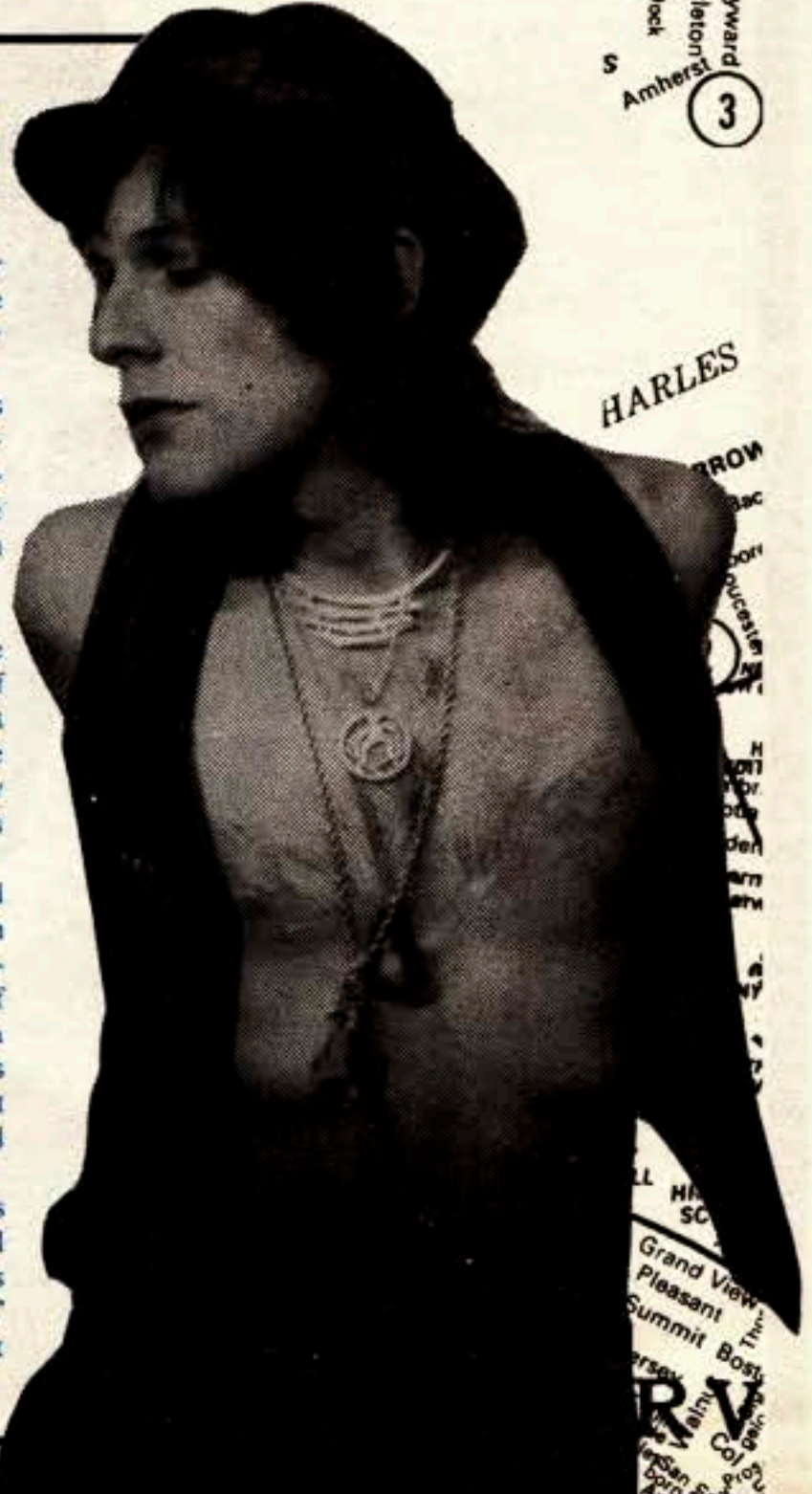
just wretched. They're just playing in their working clothes." This he sees as the being the major culprit in the lull in the Boston music scene—the bands just aren't cool anymore.

"What it is is that now in Boston there's this big anti-intellectual thing, all these flannel-shirted bands that play AC/DC and Led Zeppelin covers try to prove an affinity with the working class. They don't really have it though because they're basically snobs."

Other reasons Johnny Angel sees the decline of the local Boston music scene is the raising of the drinking age to 21 and the increase in the cost of living in Boston. "It's expensive to live here so everybody has to work a lot, nobody can stay out late so the clubs get hurt," as Angel explains it.

The *Blackjacks* led by Johnny Angel should be doing some shows around town sometime in the next couple months as part of a mini-Canadian tour so you can watch for their brand of basic hard driving Rock 'n' Roll. Angel has a message and an observation for Canadians. His message: "If any of you Canadians has a heart at all send somebody down to kill Bush and Quayle. You can stay at my house."

Also he made an observation that Canadians are not as obnoxious as Americans (which we all knew all along) (*But he did meet you—ed.*). "It's weird you never meet obnoxious Canadians," says Angel. "Once in a club in Boston I met Bryan Adams and he was really a nice guy."



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# BACK ISSUES



- #1. SNFU, Midnight Oil, the Gruesomes. Not Available.  
 #2. Forgotten Rebels, Three O'Clock Train, the Blasters, Jerry Jerry. Not Available.  
 #3. DOA, SCUM, Nine Nine Nine, Dub U5. Not Available.  
 #4. Skinny Puppy, The Cure, John Cale, The Residents, Secret Act, Tupelo Chain Sex. (16 pages) \$2.00.  
 #5. Condition, Violent Femmes, Teenage Head, Hoodoo Gurus, Swinging Relatives, Rhythm Activism, Mecca Normal, Menk Trout, Reggae Supplement: Messenjah, Leroy Sibbles, Jah Cutta. Not Available.  
 #6. Brian Setzer, K.D. Lang, the Vipers, the Brood, Montreal Special: Help Wanted, My Dog Popper, the Nils, 1999 Electroacoustic Festival. \$2.00.  
 #7. Not A Cow-Punk Issue: Three O'Clock Train, the Asexuals, Ray Condo, the Fleshtones, Eighth Route Army, Paul James. \$2.00.  
 #8. The Lyres, Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, Sons of the Desert, Mind Altering Device, Shadowy Men From A Shadowy Planet, Hail Adkins. \$2.00.  
 #9. Deja Voodoo, Green On Red, Test Department, Guadalcanal Diary, Psyche-Industry Benefit, Gang Green, Straw Dogs, Cucumbers, Depeche Mode, Psyche, Mojo Nixon, Das Furlines, Vertical Pillows, Totes Noires. \$2.00.  
 #10. UB40, Soul Asylum, Disappointed A Few People, Slow, Mongols, Gruesomes, Venusians, Hidden Factor, Nonesanso. \$2.00.  
 #11. First Anniversary Issue. Forgotten Rebels, Florida Razors, Screaming Blue Messiahs, Jonathan Richman, Raunch Hands. \$2.00.  
 #12. Jerry Jerry, Severed Heads, Alternative Inuit, UKASE, Ini Kamoze, Das Furlines, TSOL, Plan 9, BAB. Not Available.  
 #13. Dagmar Krause, Shriekback, Fail-Safe, DRI, Motorhead, Absolute Whores. \$1.50.  
 #14. Hodads, Violence and the Sacred, Verbal Assault, SNFU, Cowboy Junkies, Blurt, Albert Collins, Teenage Head. \$1.50.  
 #15. Frigging, Eugene Chadbourne, E.J. Brulé, Fair Warning, Crumbsuckers, Fainting In Coils. \$1.50.  
 #16. Los Lobos, the Darned, Suffer Machine, Catharist, Nihilist Spasm Band, Doughboys, Montreal New Music Festival. \$1.50.  
 #17. Three O'Clock Train, DBC, Cancerous Growth, Harmonic Choir, Mighty Lemon Drops, Ripcordz, American Devices, Les Poetes, Johnny Winter, Elliott Sharp. \$1.50.  
 #18. My Dog Popper, Throbs, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, Godfathers, Sons of the Desert, Montreal Reggae Festival: Kali and Dub Inc., Freddie McGregor, Mutabaruka, Shank. \$1.50.  
 #19. Skinny Puppy, Meatmen, Wire, MC5, Life Sentence, Bookmen, Software, Groovy Religion, Teenage Head, Bebe Buell and the Gargoyles. \$1.50.  
 #20. Ramones, SPK, Chris and Cosey, Porte Mentaux, 63 Monroe, Deja Voodoo. \$1.50.  
 #21. Voivod, GBH, Accused, 39 Steps, Flaming Lips, Hazy Azure, Groupoem, Jr. Gone Wild, Mr. Science, Dik Van Dykes. \$2.00.  
 #22. A Canuck Christmas: Crawlin' Kingsnakes, SNFU, Water Walk, Gorehounds, Chinese Backwards, Bobs Your Uncle, Grapes of Wrath. \$1.50.  
 #23. The Sound of 88: Les Parazit, Killdozer, the Swans, DOA, the Rheostatics, Nick Toczek, the Cycle Sluts From Hell, Lydia Lunch, Rhythm Activism, Disco Jesus, Jellyfish Babies, Jerry Jerry, Mecca Normal. \$2.00.  
 #24. Schooly D, A Neon Rome, The Waiters, Nonesanso, UIC, the Montreal New Music Festival. \$1.50.  
 #25. U.K. Subs, Henry Rollins, Talk Shop, Big Daddy Cumbuckets, Infamous Bastards, Ray Condo, Absolute Whores, G.G. Allin, the Honeymoons. Not available.  
 #26. Circle Jerks, SCUM, the Razorbacks, Ludwig Von 88, Alex Chilton, Cowboy Junkies, Alternative Inuit, Sudden Impact, Vilain Penguin, Johnny Arce and the Dogs, AOD, 76% Uncertain, Pig Farm, MDC. \$2.00.  
 #27. Rise, Asexuals, Nomind, Dag Nasty, Sugar Cubes, Tragically Hip. \$1.50.  
 #28. All, false Prophets, Bérurier Noir, Adrian Sherwood, Band of Susans, Butthole Surfers, Shari 69, Stratejalets, Jr. Gone Wild, Chris Spedding, The Look People, Death Angel, The Independent Music Festival. \$1.50.

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## CHEAP THRILLS



THE HARD TO FIND RECORD STORE  
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PHOTO: SONJA CHICHAK

By Sonja Chichak

"I'm trying to be the Pied Piper saying, 'Trust me, I'm going to take you to the cookie jar,'" says lead singer/songwriter Neil Osborne of 54•40. The distinguishing factor separating this band from most others of their genre is that their music is deeply rooted and often complex in meaning.

Not prancing around frivolously, they confront vital issues facing today's world. The concept of growth is inherent in the 54•40 way of life. Important messages in their songs can be found, concerning "spiritualism, honesty and trying to keep the whole meaning and definition," he says.

"It's not an outside thing that inspires what we do. Internally I get influenced... I read about the world and the way it is going—the real stories, that no one wants to read. That just helps accent where you're at. Writing a song is almost a therapeutic thing for me. I'll just start playing guitar, just dinking around. Before I know it I'm singing, then I'm singing words and then what I'm singing means something. That's when I have to catch it. A lot of times I'll let it go, I won't have time to put it down on paper or a tape recorder. But that's just as rewarding," explains Osborne.

His lyrics work on many levels, from political anti-war themes in *One Gun*, to emotional turmoil in *Baby Ran*, to the thunderous anti-conformity pledge in the anthem *Walk in Line*. The messages are easily taken seriously because of the direct and intelligent way with which they are dealt. 54•40 has the unique ability to come across loud and clear about their beliefs.

"A lot of what the music is trying to do is to put back the logic. I mean, it's common sense not to kill somebody. It makes you feel better to live in a peaceful environment," says Osborne. "There's all kinds of progress that can be made just as an individual. You should see how much sense it makes to regard the earth as one organism... All people as one race, one species. I think deep down a lot of people can see that. We're just giving them a reminder."

Of course, integral to the lyrics is the music, and the musicianship speaks for itself. Ironically enough, when 54•40 first began, "Brad (Merritt the bassist) and I could hardly play. Brad really couldn't play at all—just enough to start. Phil (Comparelli on guitar) was a trumpeter in a high school band and a piano player, but never played guitar until he joined us. We went through a few drummers until we found Matt (Johnson). There's this nucleus at the four of us that we feed on and it's great. When you get the right people, everything else falls into place," explains Osborne.

Setting the ideologies to poetry and blending them with music creates a real chemistry. The members work as a unit, which is explained by their ten years together as a band.

To promote their music and expose the public to their intense stage show, the band spends a lot of time on the road. According to Osborne, "The biggest problem with touring is that you get tired fast. You burn out because of the scheduling—lots of driving, then you play late at night and it's really hard to get to sleep. That's my biggest problem. I can't sleep after I play. I'm too wound up, it takes me four or five hours—and sometimes not even then. The trouble is, there's two lifestyles that go on: When you're at home writing and recording you

can't wait to get out and play for people. Then you get out and play for three or four weeks and you can't wait to get back home and write songs. It's a balance that's always overloaded on one end or the other."

54•40 derived their name from "A campaign slogan of James Polk, an American senator. In 1840 he went to establish the border between the United States and what was then British North America at the 54th parallel and the 40th minute. That line of latitude is in the middle of British Columbia" where the band is based, says Merritt.

The title of their latest album *Show Me* originated from an expression in Missouri meaning 'I'd like to see it happen'. This goes along with one of the band's underlying themes, explains Merritt: "We're not interested in talk, but in results... The title of the album is the title of the song, which in a lyrical sense, fits in very much with the message of the album which touches on love: the compassion side, not the romantic. The love of humanity. *Show Me* is a kind of plea for the respect and dignity of life".

54•40's latest vinyl venture expresses a keen attention to detail, a heavy beat and an emphasis on lyrical statements. Their original rock 'n roll is never sacrificed, as they strive to preserve their original unpasteurized sound. The addition of big-time producer David Jerden improved the style without taking the hard edge off the music.

"There was nothing more inspiring than releasing this record and watching it die in the States, and getting up on our feet determined to keep going. You hang yourself out on a line once you release a record. You have no idea how people will respond. I was very impressed with everybody in the band, because initially we were lost," says Osborne. "Then we decided to take control, stop our crying and get jobs. We did suffer. We thought we were going to be rock stars overnight. In a way, I'm glad. It really woke me up. Recording in LA, everything was too candyfloss. I was almost scared that we would be too successful."

The mere mediocre success of the album could be attributed to a number of things. Maybe the world's just not ready for the

mature music of the band.

"There's no one person at the record company that has a lot of influence and power in making things happen. The biggest problem with them is that they haven't taken the time to expose the band anywhere. It gets thrown against the wall and it doesn't stick very long. They don't have enough staff and they haven't given us enough time. It's a common problem and we're not going to let it lick us. If *Warner Brothers* doesn't get results from this rec-

ord, we're going to move to another record company. No problem," he says.

54•40 are best known for their live performances. With the mood set by the energy, lighting and the intensity of the musicians, the stage presence can't be beat. No wonder all of their shows sell-out so fast. They belt out their ideological music with hope, confidence and power.

"We're just trying to be ourselves, and following that path without any specific mandate, careerwise, other than to keep growing. The important thing is not to force a character on yourself when you perform, to play a role. I'm not going to go up there and do a Ghandi everyday, or a Huey Lewis either," says Osborne. "If I feel like I want to have some fun, I will. That's kind of the whole point, to be honest with yourself. I can do that with these songs. I don't go up there and say 'Smash the state, Smash the state—or you'll lose your faith'. It's all about getting in touch with yourself."

Osborne initially was so nervous, he used to throw up before every show. He also used to be quite insecure about his songwriting in the earlier days. "When I first write a song, I won't show anybody the lyrics. When they know the melody and can pick up a few chords, then I'll show them the words, because I don't want anybody criticizing them. I get really sensitive. It's almost existentialism on how you put that combination together. A song can be dissected, there's always arguments. But it's not so bad anymore because I know what a subjective thing it is. That's how I know I've grown; last record I couldn't take criticism at all. I freaked right out. I said the lyrics were not a subject of discussion," he says.

Another prominent theme in the music of 54•40 is that of alcoholism, as in the song *Alcohol Heart*. "Alcoholism supposedly affects one-quarter of the population. It's even higher in the under-twenty age group. I'm disturbed by the penetration of the youth culture by beer companies. The whole ad campaign is a serious problem. It's false. If you're drinking you're going to let your life be controlled by another substance, something in a bottle or white powder, it's sad. A human being is such an

amazing thing. You should be holding yourself in awe when you look at your life," says Osborne who has given up drinking and smoking.

"I never bought it when I was growing up. The last thing I wanted to do was be part of this—I guess you'd call 'the system'. I think a lot of young people out there don't want any part of it. Trouble is, they get caught up in something, they call 'anarchy'—where they disassociate themselves completely. What happens is, they become the floor mat for the system. They are the ones who get stepped on. They're controlled more than anyone," he continues.

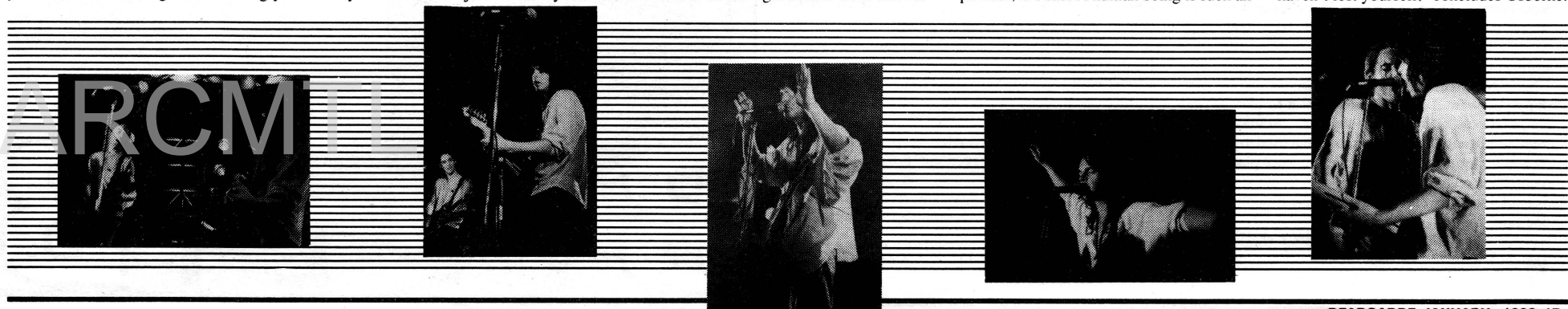
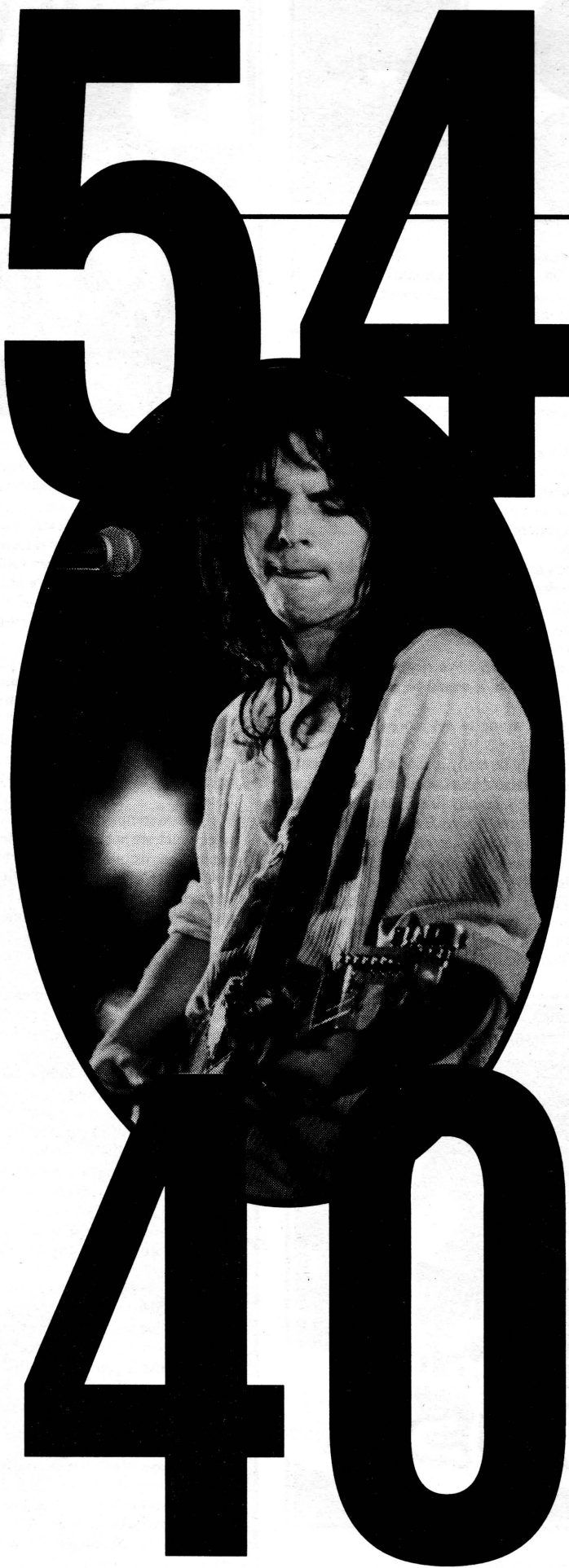
Evidently an issues band, many political themes are inherent in the music of 54•40. Specifically the human rights' violations in Central and South America. Osborne reveals: "What bothers me the most is the veneer of truth. The information that is given to the world about what's going on down there isn't accurate. A lot of the focus is on Nicaragua, but the biggest human atrocities are happening in Guatemala, Peru, Colombia and in El Salvador. We have these military regimes controlling all the power and money going in there; putting major oppression on any opposition or resistance," he says. "Lots of forced disappearances in Chile and Argentina—everywhere. It's so sick if you think about it, and a lot of it is backed by U.S. foreign policy. What goes on down there is no less a human atrocity than the Nazi extermination of the Jews. In Peru, they go around to villages and wipe them all out if they find books or bibles. Not because they think they're religious, but because they know they can read! Reading breeds knowledge, and knowledge breeds truth and truth brings about change—and that just doesn't jive with the oppressors. The trouble is, that the oppressors never learn... Each year in the last ten years, the United States has sent an increasing amount of military aid down there. Up to the point where last year it was about three or four hundred million dollars."

Obviously educating the masses is as important to the band as the music itself. They are committed to change and devoted to critical causes.

"I'm not saying don't worry, it's gonna be alright. I'm saying you've got to be focused in that direction of hope and optimism in order to achieve the goals, to correct the situation, to make it better," says Osborne who recently took part in an *Amnesty International* concert in Vancouver. "It's like the *Bobby McFerron* song *Don't Worry Be Happy*. If you worry the troubles multiply, or if you're cynical you magnify it. There's no such thing as not being involved. By not being involved, you're magnifying a negative. There's no zeros here. It's minuses and pluses."

The band is dedicated—they even silkscreen the concert T-shirts themselves. Osborne's talent was refined at the prestigious Boston Berklee College of Music. These guys are real and that's enough. They're mature individuals with talent and drive. There's no pretension or artificiality here.

"So far, I've been doing a fairly good job of keeping my feet on the ground. My head isn't so big that I'll float away. I think the key is, once you reach the popularity, to still be real with yourself. You ain't gonna lose that way. So is the fame goes away you haven't lost yourself," concludes Osborne.







Not even the lousy sound system could excuse Heimlech Manoeuvre's opening set. 'T'was yet another reproduction of generically regurgitated hardrock pabulum. It was headliners PumpHouse who injected the show with a dose of the different. On a series of small east coast and eastern Canada tours, PumpHouse came to Fofounes for a gig that rose above the wailing amps and executed a uniquely ravaged and wild alteration of sound; mellowing metallica and out-raunching Husker Du. The thundering drums of Joey Boisenau, the resonant reverence of Bobby Donne's vocals and bass, combined with electric axeman Chris Murphy's screeching lyrics and frenetic hips kept the too-small crowd absorbed.

Wanting to know more about the band from Richmond, Virginia, I got together with them for a quicky interview in the back alley of Fofounes.

**RearGarde:** I'm here to interview you, because basically no one knows who the hell you are. How did you guys manage to get a gig here in Montreal?

**Chris Murphy:** (self styled interview and press release pro) Wellll... we played with the Doughboys in our hometown in Virginia, who told Gubby (manager of S.N.F.U.) who turned us on to Dan at Fofounes...we then looked around for promoters, asked them if they were into doing us... then Dan said we could play here. And we also got a gig at Molson's Independent Festival in Toronto, so we ended up playing here first.

**RearGarde:** Do you find the response down in your hometown to be satisfying?

**Chris:** Well... see Richmond has about 50,000 people. We're not real popular with everyone down there; but we do have our own following like...

**Joey Boisenau:** (suddenly appearing) Well like my brother told me he saw someone wearing our band t-shirt TIE-DYED!! When he asked why, the chick said

**Joey:** No, I was sledding.

**RearGarde:** Oh. (do I feel stoopid or what?) Is PumpHouse a completely original sound, or can it be related to other influences?

**Bobby:** Oh wow! There's like thousands of influences in our sound.

**RearGarde:** Almost indescribable?

**Bobby:** No, it's not that...

**Joey:** We're always asked that! You have to see for yourself.

**Chris:** Well it's a more hardcore sound... kinda fast. We have one demo cassette but it's really bad. I mean it definitely doesn't represent PumpHouse live.

**RearGarde:** So we need to catch your gig for the better PumpHouse experience?

**Chris:** Exactly.

*At this point Joey takes off for the third time with frantic speed—no wonder he grew dreads.*

**RearGarde:** Do future plans for PumpHouse include becoming mega rock stars, debased criminals or a great act in the alternative scene?

**Chris:** Of no, not criminals! We're just good ole boys from Virginia. But yeah, it would be great to become rock stars.

**Bobby:** We're just trying to get more gigs together, playin' and stuff.

**Chris:** You know it'd be really great for us if we could record on a Canadian label as a Canadian band and then be exported to the U.S. I really like Canada and Canadian people—they're really nice. Even at the border we had no problems... they didn't even check the van.

**Bobby:** Yeah we could probably play for a really good label like Molson's.

**RearGarde:** Finally, I put to you the infamous *RearGarde* question - if you could be any mass produced toy, what would you be and why?

**Chris:** The whole band?



it was cause like the band t-shirt of the Grateful Dead. That's really popular shit down there.

**RearGarde:** Do you feel PumpHouse has a certain image to project or is this how you guys always dress?

**Chris:** No, not really... I don't think...

**Joey:** Nope. This is how we always dress. You take us as we are and let the music speak for itself.

**RearGarde:** How did the creation of PumpHouse come about?

(a few laughs and heavy sighs all around)

**Chris:** Well I had this amp about a year and a half ago... I already knew Bobby—we had another drummer named Bobby Hufnell but once we got rid of him and got Joey. And now we're PumpHouse.

**RearGarde:** Does the name PumpHouse have any sexual connotations, or does PMRC have nothing to worry about?

**Bobby:** Oh no!

**Chris:** Nah...but then again PumpHouse can be anything you want it to be. If you want it to have sexual connotations, that's fine by us. Actually, the PumpHouse is a place in Richmond that used to generate electricity for the village. It's a really cool place so we named ourselves after that.

**Joey:** I got really hurt going down the PumpHouse hill one time.

**RearGarde:** (addressing this obvious skatin' dude) Skateboarding?

**RearGarde:** No, individually.

**Chris:** Oh, wow, that's a tough one. That's like the time we got asked "What does Disco Dan mean to you?"

**Bobby:** I know what I'd wanna be. I'd be one of those really expensive, high tech toys that has Chinese instructions instead of french or english, that needs about 18 different set-ups and batteries and really pisses parents off. That's it. A toy that would keep parents frustrated as hell for hours just trying to put it together. And then it would end up breaking.

**Chris:** I know. I wanna be a cross bow.

**RearGarde:** Why?

**Chris:** Cause then Ted Nugent would buy it.

**RearGarde:** What about Joey?

**Chris:** Joey would be whatever his mother cooks up for dinner. (Both guys crack up laughing).

**RearGarde:** He can play with what his mother makes for dinner?

**Chris:** Well you've never eaten at Joey's house before.

**Bobby:** Nah, Joey would be anything put out by PLAYSKOOL.

**Chris:** Yeah, one of the Kreator figures or something. Hey! (he inspects my tape recorder) is this pause button supposed to be on?

**RearGarde:** Wha..? (\*&#%#@). Sorry about that.

**Chris:** Hey, no problem—cussin' is a Southern tradition.

Interview conducted by Victoria Rodriguez.

# BREWING UP WITH



By Rebecca Scott

Whether you think he's arrogant and self righteous or an insightful and inspirational song writer, Billy Bragg's comments on everything from fraternities to revolutionary socialism always spark a lot of interest. 1988 marks the release of his most successful album to date, *Worker's Playtime*, as well as two sold out performances in Montreal last October. The following are excerpts from an interview given for a selection of Montreal's underground media.

**About the slogan on your album cover, *Capitalism is Killing Music*, how do you see that as being true?**

In England we had a campaign that was trying to stop home taping, putting a slogan on all the plastic inner bags that said "Home Taping is Killing Music."

The record companies are trying to justify their low sales which are not because people are making tapes but because record companies are getting so boring in what they're choosing. They'd rather sell a million records by one artist than ten thousand by a hundred artists. They're not interested anymore.

So what I was trying to make a comment on was that I think a record industry run by people who like music is preferable to an industry run by accountants. And more and more often radio stations and record companies are being run by accountants.

And also, it's very good for bringing out anti-socialist journalists. They always ask that question first. And always say things like, "Surely if you believe that capitalism is killing music, surely, you shouldn't charge any money at your gigs and you should give away all your records." And expect me to leave the capitalist system before they've overthrown it. I'm trapped in the capitalist system same as all the rest of us are, and until you people overthrow it, I'm stuck with it.

**What is your musical education? Did you just pick up a guitar one day or did your dad teach you?**

No. Wiggy taught me. Wiggy lived next door and I used to be able to hear him playing through the walls so loudly that he drowned out my record player. So I went to punch him in the face and he said, "Don't do that cause if you learn how to play one of these you can meet more girls." So I said, "That's interesting." He was just the kid next door who played the guitar.

**How old were you then?**

I would have been sixteen and Wiggy would have been fourteen but he was already taller than me. He's always been that size and he's always had that haircut. Even when he was twelve he looked exactly the same. We spent our formative years in my mum's back room pissing around with guitars and



the kid round the corner playing drums. Just playing R & B songs, some Rolling Stones numbers and Creedence and stuff. Motown, whatever. A lot of Rod Stewart and the Faces, that was Wiggy's first real influence.

**Why was doing *Top Of the Pops* so embarrassing? (Billy made his second appearance on the British show after the single *She's Leaving Home* from the *Sgt. Pepper* *Knew My Father* LP went to number one.)**

What was so embarrassing about it last time was that I had only ever sang the bleeding song once before, in the studio with Cara (Tivey), so when I got to *Top of the Pops* I didn't know the lyrics and had to have pieces of paper taped to the floor. When they started shooting it live, they had all this dry ice, this very expensive Dr. Who, BBC, dry ice which comes about this high off the ground and is as thick as a cloud. It just totally obliterated the lyrics. Then, someone dropped a ladder while we were doing it and you can see it on my face.

They hate me down there because I won't mime, so tough shit, they won't re-shoot it. I was sort of hoisted by my own petard. It served to remind me how trivial pop really is. Sometimes I allow myself the luxury of thinking it's actually part of popular culture and you can actually make a difference. Doing that made me realize it's actually quite trivial.

**When you play at a University do you find that you aim your show at a certain type of intellectual level? Do you find it any different from your other concerts?**

I think people who come to gigs at universities want to get drunk and meet people of the opposite sex or whatever, same as all the others.

Some of the most racist, sexist gigs I've ever done have been at universities. It depends how strong the frats are.

**Are you still comfortable described as a democratic socialist? I read something, a little while ago, that said you had become more awakened to the idea of getting out into the street.**

Being a democratic socialist is such a broad thing. There is a clear difference between a democratic socialist and a revolutionary socialist and I feel, having worked through the ballot box with the Labor Party, more of a democratic socialist.

I don't think that means you only have to work through the ballot box. If the revolutionary socialists will come into the ballot box with me at election time, I'll come into the streets with them when it's time for the streets.

Too many people think it's either/or. That if you go for the ballot box you're somehow tainted by democracy. Whereas, I think we have to use every little bit we get to make our point and make our mark.

**In *Waiting for the Great Leap Forward* you say "the revolution is just a t-shirt away". Do you see it as a revolution through the ballot box or is it a personal revolution, just people changing?**

Revolution is just another word for change, as far as I'm concerned. It doesn't have to be barricades and running in the streets and flagging down trains and all looking like Reds. It's change whether that's personal change or cultural change.

I think all my political views have been, not from political education or from reading Marx, but from people saying, "This is crap. What are you writing this for?" And I think, "Oh, yeah, fuckin' hell."

Whatever stance you take, whatever you say, if you can't hear other people's opinions, on all of yours that are incorrect, then it's like William Blake said, you "breed reptiles of the mind." So I'm continually learning more and more and I hope the process goes on and never stops.

PHOTO: HEIDI HOLLINGER

# BILLYB



PHOTO: SONJA CHICHAK

**DRI, Holy Terror, Hazy Azure  
Union Française  
November 17**

Oh boy, this is one for the books. Not the best show I've ever been to, nor the worst, just the weirdest. I showed up early to arrange an interview with **DRI**. Having done so I went up front to watch the bands set up.

Even though it was only seven o'clock, **DRI**'s bassist Josh was already pissed out on a couple of speaker cabinets. Even when their guitar technician screeched hundreds of watts of feedback at him he remained motionless. They finally managed to revive him to do a sound check which, thanks to the miracle of cordless instruments, he was able to play from the kitchen where Chef Shithead was serving up spaghetti.

The sound check completed, Josh mingled with the various band members and roadies exclaiming loudly his dislike for Europe and his desire for Brador beer, while everyone made fun of his blue nail polish. After a spirited exchange of insults and derogatory remarks about several of our mothers, **Hazy Azure** finally took stage.

While the guitarist took forever to tune his new guitar the singer, known affectionately as Ig, delivered a string of one liners that were so dumb you couldn't help laughing. (Knock, knock. Who's there? Back. Back who? Back yard. Har har har.)

With guitar finally tuned and everyone suitably amused by Ig, **Hazy Azure** blew into their set. I've often found them to be comparable to **Cryptic Slaughter** though with much more diversity. The sound started a bit rough due to no sound check. Then, just when they were starting to sound a bit better, disaster struck.

Ig, in a fury of gut-puking vocals, slipped and dislocated his knee cap. Yes, it's as ugly as it sounds and speaking from personal experience it's no barrel of monkeys. Nevertheless Ig barely missed a beat. Sprawled on the stage with his knee mangled, he told the rest of the band to go onto the next song.

They actually started to play again, but by this time the paramedics had arrived. You don't come across that kind of determination very often anymore. **Hazy Azure** have the chops to be a really good band. They just can't seem to get a break (no pun intended). Go see them and support what's left of Montreal's pathetic hardcore scene.

California's **Holy Terror** were next. While I find that their brand of thermonuclear thrash often becomes white noise when played live, the bone crunching bass

and growling vocals managed to keep me interested.

**DRI** finally rounded out this very interesting show. This marked my fifth time seeing the band and while I more or less lost interest in them after the release of their *Crossover* album, I always find their shows enjoyable.

They played mostly from their *Four Of A Kind* and *Crossover* albums with a few solo favorites thrown in like, *I Don't Need Society* and *Couch Slouch*. Something I neglected to mention was that unlike the thousand or so people who showed up for their show in July, there were barely a hundred in attendance this time around. Nobody seemed to mind too much though. As someone who's fast becoming an old fart in the hardcore scene (*Yup, yer an old man—ed.*), I found the small scale of this show to be a refreshing change.

The kids still moshed one another into the ground with typical glee and the band played with as much intensity as they have in the past.

John Coinner

**Local Rebels, Northern Vultures, Parazit  
Foufounes Electriques  
December 1**

The **Local Rebels** started off this show of local bands rarely seen in the downtown core. The Rebels are from Laval, involved with the Kitch'en Squatt (Maison des Jeunes) where they've played most of their shows. This was their first show at the Foufounes, maybe their first downtown.

It's difficult to track down their sound and make comparisons, but they were my favourite band of the evening. Their music was more basic—the music and lyrics worked together well, and they had the most serious messages of the three bands. They were a little less confident on stage than the other bands, but they made up for that with their music. They mix a Punk guitar with an overall hardcore sound which always keeps things interesting. Also, the band was tight and well-rehearsed making a good first impression on some (hopefully) new fans.

**Les Parazit** were next. With their new expanded line-up, they seem to be less Punk and more Rock now. The lyrics are really good, but the music gives them less impact. Maybe they didn't fit in quite so well with the other bands. They tried to get the crowd going, but the crowd didn't want to take the cue. Nevertheless, they have a very good stage presence—professional and energetic.

The **Northern Vultures** were up last. They were the most professional band of the night (probably all that practicing). You could tell they really enjoy playing, and that got the crowd going at last, asking for requests and crowding the stage. Their sound is hardcore, but not pure... It's fringe hardcore, but more fun than a lot of bands. And it's obvious the band is having fun and that connects to the crowd.

An evening well worth the small admission price of \$5, hopefully more people'll come out and support our lesser-known bands next time.

Ghiss La Visse

**39 Steps, One Free Fall  
Foufounes Electriques  
December Something**

Another show opened up by Toronto's fastest up-and-coming and rockiest band **One Free Fall**. For those who haven't seen or heard of them yet, (I might add here "or read my previous articles here in this mag") I suggest you do so very soon cuz theyz fuckin' great.

Metal-edged trash rock with the deadliest guitarist west of Newfoundland. On this night he was runnin' all over the stage and dance floor, playing behind his back, with his teeth and generally goin' wild and blowin' people's minds. The singer's great and so is the rest of the band—Canada's version of Guns 'n Roses.



They've recently been touring with **39 Steps** and this combination has proved to be a lethal dose of punk 'n metal and rock 'n roll.

It's been some time since I've seen **39 Steps** and it looks like they've got two new guitarists. This seems to have revitalized the band in a big way. The old tunes such as *Sex in Miama* and *Faithless* have a fresh, ripplin' edge to them and the sound at the Foufou was loud 'n proud. They've got some great new tunes and covers also. Even though I'm starting to get a little sick of groups covering 70's stuff (*Hallelujah—ed*) I have to admit their version of *American Woman* was totally kick-ass. It was the tune that brought poeple out on the dance floor, so it served a purpose as well.

Of course singer Chris Barry hasn't lost any of his rubber-legged stage moves. He's a little too much for me at times but I didn't hear any female members of the audience complaining. Their encore was a monster version of *Slip Into The Crowd*.

If you have a chance to see the dynamic duo of **One Free Fall** and **39 Steps**, I highly recommend checkin' it out for some of Canada's hottest rock 'n roll.

Your Pal, Zippy

Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm

**Orchestra  
Station 10  
Nov. 4**

Jerry Jerry's lineup has obviously done their homework. The sound was synchronized, tight and well organized. Even comparable to the original ensemble the band must have spent their share of hours in the practice studio.

They played two sets. The first of which was mostly old stuff like *Pushin' For Jesus*, *Wazoo* and *You Make Me Blue*. The show opened with the drummer playing a tambourine, pretty well too, for the tune, *Daddy was a Peacock*. They did a great job on *The Drift* with some really great drumming. The set ended with an instrumental version of *Happy Nun* because Jerry, inebriated as usual, had to pee.

The second set was much more bluesy in flavour, much more jazzy than usual. They played some more of their recorded tunes and *As the Years go Passing By* an amazing Albert King blues cover. More surprises were in store that evening when the drummer played a splendid kazoo solo.

There was obviously no dress code that night because Jerry was wearing a suit made for a king. The saxophonist was in bare feet and was wearing a T-shirt with cows on it.

Jerry's sense of humour was intact as he joked about his \$800 haircut that he has to have trimmed every three hours. He opened each song with some kind of anecdote. His skills as a front man are really improving but the man has no shame.

Sonja Chichak

**Itsa Skitsa  
Station 10  
Nov. 12**

This one's kind of hard to describe. Hailing from Toronto, **Itsa Skitsa** are a pretty original sounding quartet. But they are dead-ringers for Michael Hurdience of **INXS**, **U2**'s Bono and Van Gogh. The drummer looked faintly reminiscent of the Car's Ric Ocasek.

Back to the music. It's a unique wave of power pop with a harder than usual edge to it. There were some pretty good two-part harmonies. The songs were interesting even if the two guitarists were wearing leather pants. Oh, and some mention should be made of the lead singer's groovy purple shirt.

In the song *Ready For You*, the drummer actually played cow bells. Which sounded pretty interesting.

Since comparisons are usually necessary with unknown bands, **Itsa Skitsa**'s music sounded like a cross between **U2** and **Modern English**. The unusually strong rhythm section unfortunately made the songs (all original, by the way) sound a little bit too short.

Sonja Chichak

**The Grapes of Wrath  
Café Campus  
Nov. 13**

Opening the show was **Lava Hays** a wishy-washy band composed of two blonde girls on acoustic guitars. They were OK for a folk band, but kind of monotonous.

The **Grapes of Wrath** shocked everyone wide awake. They were amazing! The show could have been out of a greatest hits package. They played greats like *Piece of Mind*, *Backward Town* and *O' Lucky Man*. The down-to-earth style of the music and players provided an honest, no-frills evening of good solid music.

The two lead singers provided a great vocal variation that was welcomed by the audience with open arms. The **Grapes of Wrath** went over surprisingly well, considering that folk-rock isn't exactly the biggest thing out today.

The tunes were played without frivolity or lunitic-like jumping around. The band was appreciatingly au-naturel and the lyrics were actually comprehensible. They compensated for the questionable sound quality at the Café Campus by providing Clean, Honest entertainment without heavy electronics or distortion.

Sonja Chichak

**Testament/Raven  
Spectrum  
December 9th**

Although **Testament** has been burning a fiery and ferocious trail on their US tour this year, it seems the news hasn't yet reached Montreal. Thus it was a relatively small turnout at the **Spectrum**. The seventeen bucks ticket charge didn't help either, I'm sure.

The show was opened by veteran band **Raven**. There were many in the audience that seemed to be as anxiously awaiting them as they were the headliners.

**Raven** are more from the old school of heavy metal than actual speedmetal, but there's no need to distinguish because they're a super-heavy rock band.

They have a real power drummer and wicked guitarist who played like a madman. Lots of crazy-fast leads and interchangeable rhythms. He had several guitars which he abused thoroughly by throwing, stomping on them and grinding out feedback on his amps. This mutha coulda played for the early Stooges! What I didn't



The Ghost of Elvis? PHOTO: TOM TROUTEN



# 20

like was the vocal style of the singer. He has one of those high pitched, Geddy Lee, balls-in-a-vice falsetto voices that grated on my nerves. He was a great bass player but the best part of **Raven's** set was when this dick-head wasn't singing or screaming inane clichés into his (for wimps only) headset microphone.

Anyway, they were highly energetic and managed to work the audience up in preparation for **Testament**. Testament, of course, are part of the new speedmetal generation. Their two albums are great, but I wasn't sure how they'd come across live.

They came on amid the smoke machines and purple lights and wasted no time thrashing their way through *Into The Pit*. Needless to say, this started a huge pit of slamming lunatics up front. Acrobatic stage diving antics were allowed to continue throughout the set with no interference from bouncer-goons. A couple of idiots even landed face first on the floor and had to be carried away.

**Testament** is a super-fast, super-tight five piece, propelled by a brain-numbing rhythm section and swirling guitar leads that evoked hellfires from Dante's *Inferno*. Their vocalist is a leather-lunged bellow who spews forth the lyrics like Lucifer himself.

There's not much of a stage show here. No props, just a little smoke. The band members all wear the same black sweat-shirts and jeans and don't move around much. Their energy comes from the music itself.

**Testament** relies on strong musicianship and good songwriting. A very talented band.

Maybe it was the more intimate atmosphere of the Spectrum, but I thought they were even better than the Slayer show.

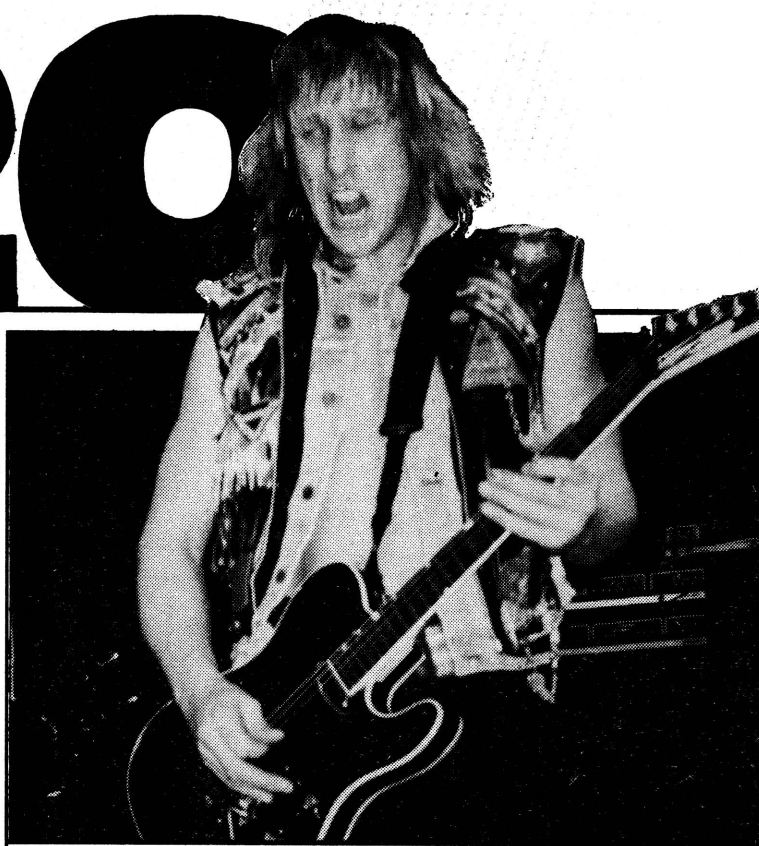
**Zippy**

## Siouxsie and the Banshees/National Velvet

### Massey Hall

While I'm a Banshees fan, I wasn't sure about this concert. Siouxsie has a reputation for simply going through the motions, knowing that her fans won't really complain too much because they half expect it. Part of this is because in spite of her Ice Queen image, Siouxsie is really not a powerful stage presence—she tends to be stiff, uncomfortable and self-conscious onstage. Which is fine with me, at least they're human qualities I can relate to, unlike Bono's soap-box posing.

Unfortunately it doesn't usually allow for a great show, but somehow it seems Sioux has returned with a greater sense of purpose and direction. After years of drifting they've finally found a way of building the show around Sioux the Image while still leaving room for Sioux the Person. The image was highlighted by multi-layered backdrops, lights, ramps, walkways, platforms, costumes, and a new Clara Bow haircut for the Ice Queen. The show was kept human by Sioux the Person showing



Raven.

PHOTO: LEANNE BURNLEY

up in Sioux the Image.

Some weakness remained and always will. She doesn't talk much, keeps averting her eyes to the ground, and shies away from the edge of the stage. But Sioux this night seemed to be happy. She has lost weight, had greater control over her voice and danced enthusiastically rather than self-consciously.

Drummer Budgie and bassist Steve Severin were typically excellent but keyboardist Martin McCarrick was a surprise. Usually I would distrust the idea of rock bands who use accordians and cello but it seemed to be the perfect touch for this show. It's always good to see an old favorite push themselves and reach for something more, and Siouxsie did just that.

David James

## Elvis Impersonator Contest

December 8th

Station Ten

You missed it. Everybody was there, even Dean Martin. What do you get when a bunch of Elvii get together and impersonate the King, obviously a bunch of people screaming "Melvin!"

True to *RearGarde* tradition I missed the first Elvis (?). The rest of the first set of Elvii was really below standard for what was to come. The exceptions in the first set were the only female Elvis but she sang only one song (*Are You Lonesome Tonight*) and was extremely bitchy, even refusing to sing unless everybody shut up.

The last impersonator in the first set was an extremely short guy with a big belt, sideburns and a white suit. The only problem was he couldn't sing very well. Apparently he's coming back for the finals. I'm getting another beer.

The quality of the second set was extremely better with people like Dale Rivers, Dean Martin, Ed Fuller (who looked like a scagged-out version of Jerry Jerry but still had some great lines about his embalmer) and the guy at the end who's name I didn't

catch. He was the obvious ringer and winner only because he sorta looked like a young Elvis and was able to put up with my heckling. The finals for all of this mayhem are on Elvis' birthday (see the listings) so come and cheer on your fave King.

P. S. Next time keep that CBC reporter out of there. It figures the only time Newswatch covers something that *RearGarde* does is when it's an Elvis contest. Let's see them at the next GG Allin show.

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

## Three O'Clock Train

December 21st

Station Ten

They're back again. Three O'Clock Train made their return after many rumours of their demise. Complete with a new band (again) and some new songs, bandleader Mack MacKenzie led the Train through a raucous but short (50 minutes) set.

This time the Train consisted of Pagliaro drummer Gordie Adamson, local Rock God guitarist Rick Howlett, keyboard legend Kevin Komoda, and Three O'Clock Train veteran Hugh Fisher. They seemed pretty tight for most of the songs but there was times when there was some confusion, especially when Howlett pulled out the lap-steel. He could be heard asking "What are the chords?" But we all say that sometimes, don't we?

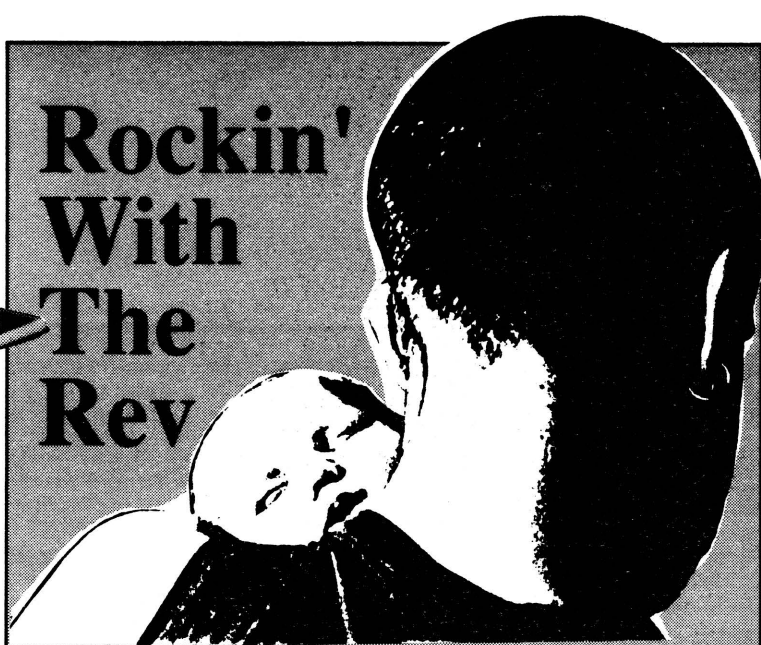
Speaking of the lap-steel, they used it on two songs, one slow which wasn't too bad and on their signature song *Train of Dreams* which turned the song into a soundalike of Jackson Browne's *Running On Empty*.

The show wasn't too bad but for a band that doesn't play around live very much anymore they might have played a wee bit longer considering the high cover charge that night. Also with the new band it would have been fun to see more new songs instead of just replaying the two albums.

Why doesn't Station Ten sell Guinness yet? Cheers.

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

# Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, looking around this Righteous City these days kinda reminds me of a Mighty Fine Yarn from *The Only Book That Ever Mattered*. You know when Jesus beseeched the heathens to quit being assholes, get haircuts, cleanse thy souls, and go to the Luxury Condo in the Sky. He was mighty serious. But then when these Good Words were transcribed by the Fellahs, Something Fun happened. They should have written 'soles' instead of 'souls'. Ever since then, things have all gone plumb downhill. You know how Communism has run rampant throughout the world? It's cos of one thing—us God-loving, Commie-hating Fine People have totally lost the sense of decent footwear. As the forefront in the fight against Commies, us rock 'n' rollers of today have to make sure we have Fun and Fine Footwear.

As in all Good Things, all you Cretins have to do is look at how The Other Big Guy acted. You know, with the propagating of Doc Martens all over the place, you just have to ask one question to The One Who Is To Be Obeyed—"Did Jesus wear Docs?" And you know what? You wouldn't get an answer, cos that's a real Stupid Question. Nevertheless, some of us who have Seen The Light, and don't mind being called stupid, have endeavoured to find out The Truth. What we have found is Truly Profound.

First we examined the Scriptures. No luck. Then we examined the greatest piece of physical evidence there is. The Shroud of Turin. The results were inconclusive. So, onto the most revealing of all of resources—Good Old Common Sense. Have you ever worn Doc Martens? Ever noticed the excruciating pain caused in the first few times wearing them? You know, the Ripping of Flesh and Stuff? Well, from this it's Plain To See that Jesus never wore Docs.

Imagine you're the Word Made Flesh. You're hanging out with the other Cool Prophets, and the subject of footwear comes up. Happens all the time. You try on a pair of Docs. You look real cool. After a couple of hours, though, the flesh on the back of your heel starts ripping and shredding. Now if you were Jesus, would you keep on suffering, knowing that in a little while you'd be nailed to a pole? Heck no. You'd cut your losses, and enjoy yourself before Making the Ultimate Sacrifice. As it is written, "The Lord Jesus died for your sins, but He didn't do it wearing Docs cos he knew when enough was enough." *Deuteronomy 4:21*.

And you know, friends, The Word of the Lord being what it is, you've got another school of thought regarding the Very Important Matter. There's some folks out there who figure that, what the heck, Jesus didn't really give a damn about suffering, threw caution to the wind, and looked Real Cool on the Cross, wearing cherry red Docs. Personally, the Rev thinks these people are Goddamned Pinko Commie-types who should be shot and peed upon. But I digress.

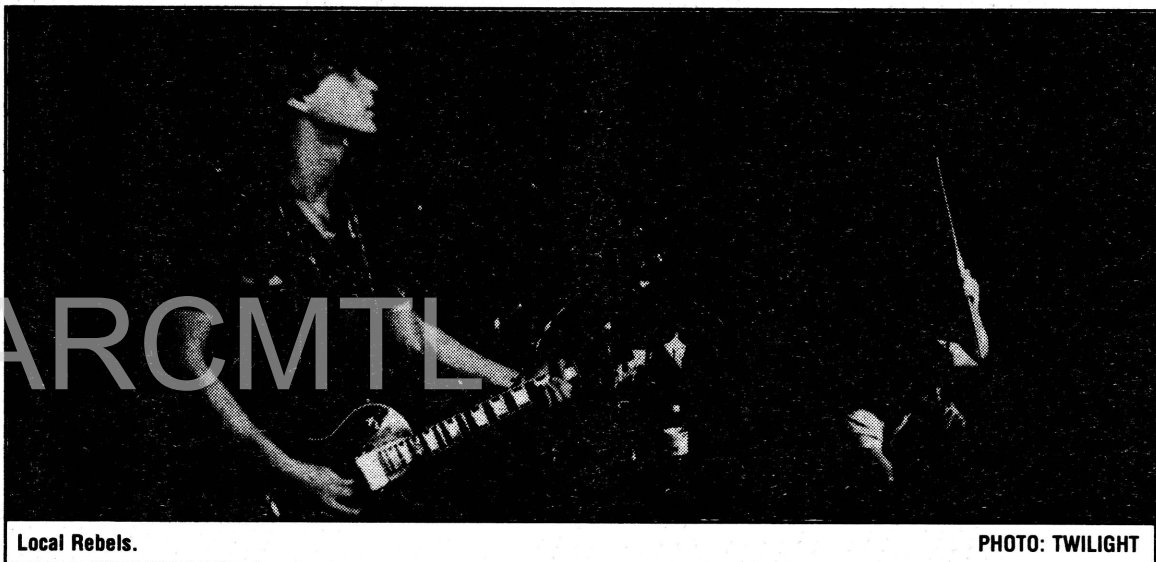
You know, I've preached an awful lot on what a fine, fine sense of humour the Good Lord has, and you know, He really does. The only people who have a finer sense of humour are people who wear cowboy boots. You've gotta have a real sense of god-awful stupidity, if you're gonna stuff your feet into these ridiculous things. Who needs pointy feet anyways?

For those of you out there in Babylon who need some God-given advice on how to keep blessed footwear in Commie-stompin' shape, well listen carefully. The first thing you'll need is some good boot polish. You take an old rag, wrap it around your index finger, and dunk it in the polish. Then you get a Real Big spit happening in your gullet. For all you punk rockers, this is the easy part. Spit like your life depended on it, onto your boot. Then rub the polish in. Easy. You gotta get a good shine happening, and when that happens, you'll feel Real Good. This spit polishing also works real good for water-proofing your boots. It's like when Jesus walked on water. He made sure he had waterproof boots (not Docs) on, just to be sure. In fact, he went a step further, and smacked on some Vaseline to be Extra Keen. It worked then, and it'll work now, even in these Days of Trial and Tribulation.

No matter how hard you work to keep your boots Mighty Fine, at some point you're gonna have to dish out dough and get a new pair. Here's what you do. If it's just the soles that have risen to Ever-Lasting Glory, don't worry. If the uppers are Gone, throw the whole things at the nearest cat. If it's just a matter of replacing soles, do what the Good Lord does and get 'em replaced. Vibram is a Fun Brand to ask for.

However, if you're in the position of just having killed the cat, you have to think about getting a whole new set-up. Simple. Go down to your nearest Salvation Army Surplus store, fork out a few bucks, and get Cool Army boots. They're well made (none of this trendy LeChateau heathenous stuff), and they look Real Cool.

And you know, if there's one thing the Real Good Lord wanted to say in *The Real Good Book*, but didn't 'cos of space limitations, it was this, "Thy wilt try to resemble thine image cast in stone, but thine eyes will be distracted by a big neon sign." It's lines like this which really make you wonder just who created hallucinogenic drugs in the first place. And such are the mysteries of the Lord. Amen.



Local Rebels.

PHOTO: TWILIGHT



PHOTO: DEREK LEBRERO

*You've probably heard or seen this band before. If you haven't, then where the hell have you been? They have already played some pretty intense sold-out shows, received rave reviews, and are growing in popularity daily. Their music and their shows are extremely energetic, so if you feel like having a good time, head on over to a Birth Defects show. When I was doing the interview, I realized that they all shared the same viewpoints on their music and lyrics. I guess that's why these four dudes are such good friends. I was also told not to put in their names next to their comments since, "It doesn't matter who said it, as long as it's been said." So listen up to what Patrice the bassist, Sonny the guitarist, Patrick on drums, and Pete on vocals, have to say as one.*

**RearGarde:** How long have you guys been together as a band?

**Birth Defects:** We started with Patrice and Sonny and after we met Patrick then Stoney came up. It's like eight months... no ten.

**RearGarde:** So you guys are all the original members then?

**Birth Defects:** Yeah, the guitarist and the bassist started out just jammin' and having fun. Then they found Patrick the drummer.

**RearGarde:** Now it's gone serious?

**Birth Defects:** No, it's not serious. Just because people like the music you do and the shows doesn't mean it's gone serious, it's just a continuation of what we started.

**RearGarde:** What was your first major show?

**Birth Defects:** At the Blacklite with Damnation. (laughs)

**RearGarde:** What are you guys laughing about?

**Birth Defects:** Cause it's not our style of music. Damnation are this power, death, metal music. We just did the show for fun. We got a lot of publicity for our night, and we had a lot more people at our night than the two others. A lot of people just came to see us. But the reaction was good, and since then we've been playing a lot of shows.

**Birth Defects:** It's like a dream come true. (laughs) No really, we just wanted to do a show for ourselves, because we like what we do.

**RearGarde:** That's cool. So if you don't think that Damnation was your style then what do you classify yourselves as?

**Birth Defects:** We don't really classify ourselves. We are afraid that as soon as people see us that because of our long hair we will be labelled speed metal, but really we don't like speed metal.

**RearGarde:** Peace hard core?

**Birth Defects:** Yeah peace hard core is the best thing to call us. Hard core is fucking vague word, it's really just underground rock n' roll... fast.

We do what comes out naturally, so if you feel for a slow song we'll play it, and if you feel for a fast one we'll do that too. We're not limited.

**RearGarde:** What bands do you guys like?

**Birth Defects:** Ramones, Sex Pistols, SNFU, Minor Threat, Circle Jerks, Dayglo Abortions, JFA, Bad Brains, DK's... We're pretty open minded about music. There is music that suits the way you feel. If you want to get up in the morning, and you're feeling dull, you want to listen to something mellow, but if you're all geared up you just put on a party band.

**RearGarde:** What do you talk about in your songs?

**Birth Defects:** About life, about things we do, about shit that happens. About good times, parties, our thoughts, ambitions. It's all said in a positive way. Positive but realistic. A lot of bands are like, "We're gonna fight, we're gonna fight!" We just look at things around us, but we look at them positively. We're not trying to change the world.

**RearGarde:** Just a bunch of happy guys playing.

**Birth Defects:** That's it, look at Patrice's

# THE BIRTH DEFECTS



face. (laughs) Now that's a happy guy. He's our reggae man.

**RearGarde:** What kind of audience do you want coming to your shows? Who are you trying to appeal to?

**Birth Defects:** Everyone. There's no way we want all hardcore people. We want everybody to have a good time. But it does matter who we play with, because if we do a show with a speed metal band there will be that crowd, but when we played with SCUM and MDC there was a hardcore crowd.

**RearGarde:** What kind of bands would you like to play with?

**Birth Defects:** Any kind.

**RearGarde:** Except Damnation?

**Birth Defects:** We have nothing against them.

**RearGarde:** Not as people, but you just

give people—a good time. Whether you're punk, hardcore, speed metal or any kind of style, as long as everybody likes the show it's not because of us being fucked up, it's just how the music was meant to be. Just plain fun.

**RearGarde:** You just want to be a party band.

**Birth Defects:** That's what we are. That's what we meant it to be. We couldn't be serious because we can't play our instruments very well (laughs, but not true). The people that like us don't like us because we have the best solo's, because we don't have any solo's (laughs but true). We don't have the best vocals or drums, but what makes us is our... Energy. We have a lot of heart and people see it. Some of these bands are dead live. We love what we're doing so much, and people see that.

**RearGarde:** The first time I saw you guys was when you played with SCUM. That was a pretty cool show.

**Birth Defects:** We were very happy with that one, and we didn't expect that many people. I think it was our best show up to date. It was a pretty cool crowd also. The first few songs people were checking us out, then we did a Minor Threat cover and got everybody going. After that, for the rest of the show, everybody went crazy. We got encores and everything.

**RearGarde:** You played Quebec City didn't you?

**Birth Defects:** Quebec's crowd was kind of a shock, they were dead. But we had a good time going down and doing the show. Our friends loved us, but Quebec I don't know. There is a good scene there, but the main band that night was really shitty. Nobody liked them, a kind of speed metal band like Damnation. (laughs)

**RearGarde:** So what do you guys believe in?

**Birth Defects:** Pizza... the local hardcore scene, positive thinking, peace, union, friendships, parties, sex, beer, and music. Just having a good time with whatever you're doing.

**RearGarde:** What changes would you bring to the local hardcore scene?

**Birth Defects:** I think that there's a big lack of union between people at the shows. There's not really a brotherhood that used to exist a few years back. A lot of people now come to the shows just to prove they're hardcore and cool, but don't lend a hand to their fellow brother. But there will always be a great bunch of people who really support their scene, with their heart, mind, and soul... What's missing might be a sense of what they're standing for. Hardcore is not a

fucked-up coat and a fucked-up haircut and a Minor Threat t-shirt. Hardcore is in the head. It's a feeling and a philosophy and a lot of people are forgetting that. If you go back a couple of years to the Rising Sun, everybody was sticking together in one big family. These days everyone's too judgemental and waiting for the perfect band.

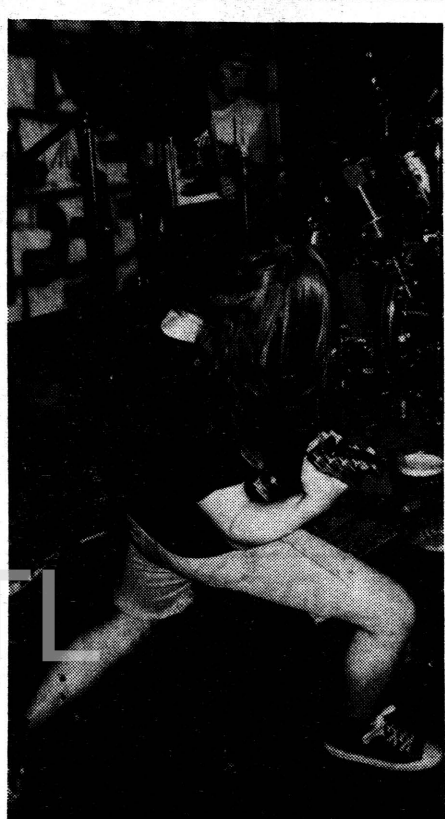
**RearGarde:** You guys seem to condone slamming.

**Birth Defects:** We love slamming. It's great and so motivating when people do it at our shows. But what sucks is that some people think it's a contest, Mr. Macho tough n' slam. That sucks because that's not what slam dancing was meant for. There are so many people that really used to love slamming but don't go anymore because of the assholes.

**RearGarde:** That happens in everything. Anyways, do you guys have any songs out yet?

**Birth Defects:** We have two songs on a Laval compilation (*Kitsch 'en Squatt*). It was a great project. The guy put 100% into it. It was done by La Maison des Jeunes, which was great because we got to work in a decent studio.

Interview conducted by Derek Lebrero.

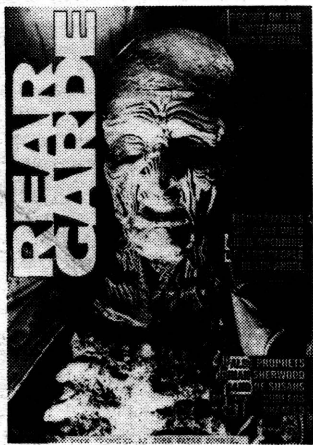


don't like their message.

**Birth Defects:** It's fucking negative music. They think the way they want to think. That's good, but it's not the way we think. We don't say fuck 'em or anything. It's just not our style. The audience sometimes doesn't think twice about what they are saying. They just don't give a shit. It's very important. We're young, ambitious and we sing out loud. We play the music we want to play and we speak of what is on our minds. We aren't trying to appeal to everybody, but whether they are speed metal or hardcore, they like us because they like having a good time. That's what we try to



# NOBODY UNDERSTANDS THE AMERICAN DEVICES 89



**JOHN WANKER WRANGLER WAYNE**  
Zombie mask sculpted and worn by Rick Trembles for the ill fated feature "Shirley Pimple" presently in post-mortem production.

## AMERICAN DEVICES "INTERVIEW"

**Rightgaurd:** What's on your mind?  
**Rob:** I'm just proud to be a member of any band that would have Rick's member as a member.  
**Rightgaurd:** But don't you have anything to say for yourself?  
**Rob:** Sure, and our wonderful songs say alot, too. I wrote alot of the lyrics. Rick may possess the visible genitalia in the band, but I



**ROBERT LABELLE** is developing "Coyoteoia."

wrote "Suck My Rocks". No, but that's not really about sex, it's...  
**Rightgaurd:** What's the Devices' problem?  
**Rob:** I was just about to tell you, now you've interrupted me, I'm gonna post.  
**Rightgaurd:** Oh, now come on, I'm just trying to help you guys out with this interview...  
**Rob:** Yah, that's true, it's just that we get kinda paranoid sometimes about the press. About other people, really. Rick got kicked out of the mirror and I got punched in the nose by a soundman at Foufounes.  
**Rightgaurd:** Well, Rick's found a new home here...  
**Rob:** Yah, that's great, but, like this article, we had to pay for it like mad...

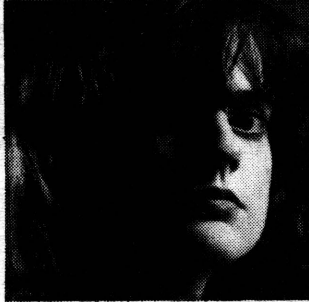
**Rightgaurd:** What's a matter, you don't like talking to yourself?  
**Rob:** Well, if you'd let me talk...  
**Rightgaurd:** O.K., talk, talk!!  
**Rob:** O.K., all I wanna say is, we got this album out now, and it's the first tangible step in our 10 year history...  
**Rightgaurd:** Wait a minute, 10 yrs?  
**Rob:** Yah, well, you should know...  
**Rightgaurd:** Ya, of course, but I can hardly believe it myself.  
**Rob:** We've been together so long we can't split up. It's like going home to your parents for Sunday dinner. No... it's more than that... which I guess answers your question about our problem... We're all emotionally... uhh... indecisive. That's as far as I'll go.  
**Rightgaurd:** Well, ahem... what's your favorite kitchen appliance?  
**Rob:** (gets up looking like a monster) I told you not to ask me THAT question! (attacks Rightgaurd himself!)...  
**Cups:** Give Rob a T.V. break!  
**Rightgaurd:** What's on your mind?  
**Cups:** Give ME a break, that's too hard a question. Ah, ah, ah.



**Give CUPS VON HELM a break**

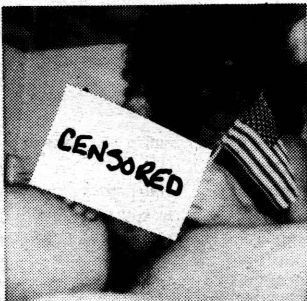
gimme an easy one...  
**Rightgaurd:** Do you like playing with the American Devices?  
**Cups:** A mind is a terrible thing to waste...  
**Rightgaurd:** You didn't answer my question.  
**Cups:** That's right. You ever see any of our films, you ever see us play, listen to the album get?  
**Rightgaurd:** I like the cover...  
**Cups:** You didn't answer my question.  
**Rightgaurd:** What films?  
**Cups:** Our films: "The Abortion that lived", "Womb Service", and the inflection that will soon change the minds of every sane person with good taste, "Super Womb-Man" (Illustrated F/X Storyboards to be published in an upcoming issue of "Art-Core Comics"...)  
**Rightgaurd:** So the Devices made these movies?  
**Cups:** Born'n raised by the fertile minds of a family that goes by the name of the American Devices. Ya... Uh... One important development was the creation of the dildocross. An effigy that I think people think that we think we're supposed to worship... only, because some people didn't want to touch us with a ten foot pole after we surfaced with the dildocross blazing in glorious flames... who knows, and I think maybe that subconsciously this big prick on a cross influenced not only our

films, but everything down the line to our music, our attitudes, etc... Just look at Rick's comics, he can't stop drawing big dicks even though he says fuck off, they're rosebuds...  
**Rightgaurd:** What's on your mind?  
**Lu-Lu:** Ugh... don't bother me now, my stomach is a smouldering lava inferno and I need to take a shit anyway. Who wants to know?  
**Rightgaurd:** Nobody, that's why we had to pay for the privilege of filling up this page with our



**Don't you dare bother LU-LU BURNS.**

ramblings and dirty pictures drawings...  
**Lu-Lu:** Oh, O.K... as long as I'm talking to myself, then... "A Suspicion of Happiness is Perverting." - a sentiment already dated cuz I no longer think I'm retarded by my fear of feeling good. I use to abuse the things I love, now I am deprived of them, Nah, Nah, Nah! You don't know a good thing when you have it. But I do, I do, I swear it's true, it's just that picking on it is half the fun. Anywho, I'm not gonna waste away feeling sorry for myself (maybe only ninety per cent of the time) and I have matured ya know. I'm not gonna blame it all on the extraneous stuff. It was the drugs, it's cuz I'm a moneyless mommy. It's all your fault, nobody understands me. "I have had my righteousness humbled by the almighty all powerful cursed, dreaded enemy from within and I have been shocked and amazed by all its heinous potential, my only defense is to expose and humiliate it! Anyway, I am all awake and worked up now... I think I'll go ask Rick what's on his mind."  
**Rightgaurd:** What's on your mind?  
**Rick:** Dicks are too obvious anymore, I wanna start doing things with cunts. I made an animated cartoon flip-book of some cunilingus action and transferred it to Super 8 recently. We're gonna make a film loop out of it to project infinite lickin' behind us next time we play...  
**Rightgaurd:** You playing again soon?  
**Rick:** Our producer is trying to line up a Valentine's day benefit for battered women, official album launch; Womb-



"I'm a parody of a man; sez RICK TREMBLES. He is currently looking for a steady girlfriend as the above photo indicates, but warns: 'I wanna be assassinated badly by the Shirley Pimple Patrol in order to boost record sales...'"

Service" Film premiere. No joke...

**Rightgaurd:** You must have a lot of sex...  
**Rick:** I haven't been fucked in a year! Didn't your mom ever tell you those who boast the biggest lack the most?...  
Repression is the root of all creativity. Ever see the soft porn monster flick "Flesh Gordon" (1972) featuring stop motion animated sex organ type critters not unlike those gracing our album cover? Well production on a sequel is underway out west, I dug up an old mag with a plot description that called for, "Archvillain Captain God to conquer earth with his long range rock and roll..." Were we typecast for this movie, or what? May as well make the logical transition from my dick in front of the

screen to inside it, been getting my kicks vicariously long enough. I'd be a good candidate for Cronenberg's "Videodrome" (1982) about now. "Who the fuck's the enemy?" "Shoot blind. It's fun to blur the distinctions between reality and fantasy. By the way... if Jesus Christ wants to put a stop to us, he better do it quick, cuz we got a whole nother album's worth of original material ready to record."  
**Rightgaurd:** Do you believe in God?  
**Rick:** I believe in "God's Cock-Suckers." (Watch for his comic strip of the same name in every issue of "Artcore" 2003 Rue de Bullion MTL. P.Q. H2X-2Z7, Canada.)

THE END



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## Rock Monastery Motion Picture Purgatory..... by Rick Trembles

**Shirley Pimple Update**

ONE OF THE CUTS OFF OUR ALBUM "GREEN BERTS" WAS INTENDED FOR THE SOUNDTRACK OF THE FEATURE FILM ENTITLED "SHIRLEY PIMPLE" WHICH INCLUDES MUSIC, F/X, AND CAMERAS BY DEVICES, VOMIT AND THE ZITS MY DOG POPPER, BUBBLE GUM, ARMY, AND OTHERS. I RECENTLY PROMISED TO THE CREATOR OF THIS COMIC HUNKASHIT, ©1988 LAVISHTLY RENDERED BY RICK TREMBLES

I'M IN JAIL GETTING A SEX CHANGE AND I'M GONNA COME OUT AS SHIRLEY PIMPLE. ALL THAT LONG LOST FILM FOOTAGE HAS BEEN TEMPORARILY EXPROPRIATED TO SIBERIA FOR QUARANTINE 'CAUSE IT'S CONTAMINATED WITH AIDS!! SEE DIM...

"YES, DEMITRI WAS AN HONEST CHRISTIAN JUNKIE, BUT SHOOTING HEROIN INTO YOUR BRAIN IS CONTRA-BAND, SO HE ENDED UP IN JAIL FOR A MILLION THOUSAND YEARS..."

"FUCK-DICK-SHIT, LOVE THY NAZI, KILL YOUR SONS, EVERY ROCK BAND SUCKS ASS SINCE THE SEX PISTOLS BROKE UP, SO I'LL JUST ANIMILATE MYSELF WITH HEROIN AND COCAINE BECAUSE I JUST DON'T GIVE A FUCK, AND I'M SO COOL AND AN AW-TEST, MAN... NOBODY UNDERSTANDS MY HUMAN INFLECTION, SO JUST SAY NO TO LIFE..."

DEMITRI'S DRUG CAMPAIGN 1984-1988

"I NOW INTRODUCE YOU TO A MISTER JOHN WAYNE WESTLIP OF THE M.U.C. TOGETHER, HE WANTS TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD AND GIVE EVERYBODY FREE STRINGS AND CONDOMS. WE RAIDED HIS COMBINATION 'JUNKIE SHOOTING GALLERY' -> NECROPOLIS FILM STUDIOS, AND CONFISCATED FIVE MILLION SYRINGES PLUS 3 MILLION CONDOMS. UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION, THE CONDOMS HAD BEEN PREPUNCTURED AND THE SYRINGES HAD BEEN CONTAMINATED WITH THE DEADLY AIDS VIRUS. YOUR SON WAS PLANNING TO EXTERMINATE THE WHOLE POPULATION BY SPEARDING THIS DEADLY PANTYMASTING DASTARDLY DISEASE OF DETARATION. WE CAUGHT HIM JUST IN THE MIX OF TIME AND HE'S GOING AWAY FOR LIFE. THE WORLD IS ONCE AGAIN SAFE FOR SAFE (ABORTION CONTROL) SEX, DRUGS, AND ROCK AND ROLL, MAN!"

JUNKIE SHOOTING GALLERY NECROPOLIS FILM STUDIOS

WHY ZEE KOP WANT TO KEEP MY SON IN JAIL? HE NO BAD BOY, HE JUST SEEK IN DEE HEAD AND HE PHYGOOMPS TOO MUCH...

ALL YOU NUBILES, MALE OR FEMALE, TAKE IN-TO ACCOUNT, I'VE BEEN SEXUALLY DEPRIVED, BEHIND BARS FOR 44 MONTHS, SO KEEP IT QUICK AND DIRTY, SEND NAKED PIX OF YER FIRM YOUNG RUBBERY DRUG FREE BODS TO: PARTHENON JAIL C.P.M. (CENTRE PREVENTION MTL.) 1701 RUE PARTHENON, P.O. BOX 1700 STATION C. MTL. H2L-1H4, DEMETRIOS, 12th FLOOR C46, CCM 0515225808... (ALL THOSE DEAD BODIES LITTERING THE FIST FEW PANELS, BY THE WAY, ARE CHILD MOLESTATORS AND INFORMERS)...  
SHANKIN' BACON... TO BE CONTINUED...



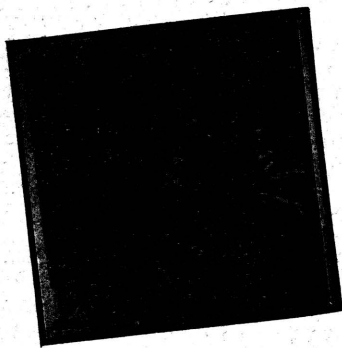
**Slayer, *South of Heaven***  
Slayer's 1986 album *Reign In Blood* was one of the best metal albums of all time. When they released *South of Heaven* earlier this year nobody expected that they would be able to match *Reign In Blood*, let alone top it. *South of Heaven* rules! From the slow dirge of the opening notes, right through to the final crunch of *Spill The Blood*, *South of Heaven* grinds through thirty-four of the most brutal minutes ever put to plastic. While this album does show moments of thoughtfulness in songs like *Ghosts of War* and *Read Between the Lies*, it is predominately a classic Slayer gorefest with profound lines like "Count the bullet holes in your head..." Why haven't you picked it up yet? (Def Jam/Geffen Records).

**I.B. Moshing**

#### Travelling Wilbury's, *Volume 1*

I do not like this album. I hope the title to the album doesn't mean they'll be putting out a *Volume 2*, if so the future does not bode well (*Yeah, tell Roy that. By the way, this was written before Roy went to the big record company in the sky—Ed.*). The album sound seems to be based in an electric—folk—country and western style. Then, just imagine **Tom Petty, Bob Dylan, Roy Orbison, George Harrison**, one of the geeks from E.L.O. and an assortment of others, hanging around at the corner brasserie, putting their brasserie talk to pap like music, then shoved it down our throats as the latest from the legends. This album contains bragging of their exploits and other mindless stories. Hah! I repeat, I do not like this record. (WEA).

**Ewan MacDonald**



**American Devices, *Decensortized***  
Painstakingly recorded over nearly a decade, this veteran Montreal band is finally committed to vinyl. Standout tracks are *Coalshaft* about a house that sinks, *See My World*, a pop song and a half, *What's the Meaning of Life?* (The Abortion That Lived)—the soundtrack to an American Devices film (a must-see for Bill Vanderzalm) and *Someone We Once Knew* recorded live at the Douglas Memorial mental hospital ('nuff said). The album ends off with a killer guitar track called *Trigger Off* with enough feedback and distortion to please any Ripcordz fan. A chaotic punk masterpiece. Buy it or die. And best of all, there's no bald guys in the band. (P.O. Box 241, Succ. R, Montreal, Quebec, H2S 3K9).

**Mack Mackenzie**

#### Stark Raving, *Snivelling and Whining*

I like this band. Vocals are split up between a woman and a man, she gets to sing about a third of them and I really enjoyed her voice. This together with some pretty distorted high-end guitar work highlight this record. The band cooks along at a pretty good speed, with some really hard rocking guitar stuff. The lyrics on this record are great, they're not exactly funny, they're almost quirky. Enjoy. (Incass Records, 272 Benham Ave, Bridgeport, Conn., 06604).

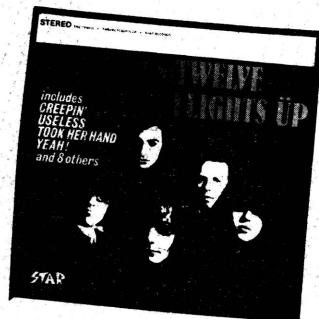
**Ewan MacDonald**

#### Iowa Beef Experience, *Coolass Gravy Train*

Another fast record from the U.S. Not from California, though, it's from Iowa (in case you hadn't guessed). Filled with your basic

guitar-based heavy speed, it is decent standard Punk without the hackneyed political ramblings. Their songs seem to centre in on sillier subjects as is reflected by titles such as *Vulcans Never Bluff* and *Sub-Atomic Piledriver*. A sense of humour combined with driving guitar/bass/drums proves to be a decent combination with semi-harmonic vocals which are not overly audible but apparent nonetheless. (Vinyl Solution, 39 Hereford Rd., London W2 England).

**L.Q.**



#### The Cynics, *Twelve Flights Up*

Rhythmes sacadoprestos/saacadoslomos ressortissant d'un garage plus propre, romantico-crispante. Tandance plutôt brossée, sur les débuts de **Manfredman** et son doo wah didi mieux mixé élas un tantinet moins vibratile que leur album précédent. Il fait bon écouter ces tendances au style farfisettes et fuzzz guitare entourés de rococos ringolos. Pas besoin d'être dans un garage pour swigner au rythme des CYNICS! (Star Records 148 Simcoe street S. Oshawa, Ont L1H 4G7)

**Bery**

#### Unknown Gender, *Do For You*

Hardly a standout by any means. Unknown Gender combines a flat mix of guitar/keyboards to the usual drums and keyboard bass background. The overall sound ends up fluid, so fluid that one would tend to ignore the fact that the record is even playing. The style seems to be stuck in the 1981 techno-pop mode. It is hardly new and hardly innovative. A notable exception would be the song *Shoot To Kill*. At the very least it is a catchy song with interesting synthesizer work. (Crush Productions, 267 East 7th Street, New York, NY, USA 1009).

**L.Q.**

#### Motorhead, *No Sleep At All*

Motorhead's latest is a live album. Like any live album it is a front for a greatest hits package. The music is typically Motorhead—heavy guitar, screeching guitar solos, machine-gun drumming and distorted treble bass. All this is the backdrop for a voice. The Voice. Lemmy's voice grows out classics such as *Overkill* and *Ace of Spades*. Also included are live versions of *Eat The Rich* and *Killed By Death*. While the record contains much of the usual Motorhead merriment, some of their more recent classics have been omitted. On the other hand, Motorhead is Motorhead. (Viper Records, 624 King St. West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1M7).

**G.Q.**

#### Messageros Killer Boys, *Hotel du Labrador*

On croisait reconnaître les nouvelles valeurs de **Iggy** avec un vent vide alternotransfo hardcore! Mélange anglo-français. Accent profondément émané du goître. Airs familiers a **Père Ubu** avec un soupçon d'industrie concrète bien velue et mûre de transpiration nécrologiques. Le synonyme qui s'accroche le plus serait Néoiostodadaistacore abrasif, ne fusse qu'un tant soit peu. Une musique lancinante et agréable lors d'une semaine de vacances couchés sur le dos avec un baladeur sur la tête au abors du golf stream! (Bondage Records, 46 rue de Sicile. Paris, France 75004).

**Bery**

#### Cassandra Complex, *Kill Your Children EP*

They've done it again: The perfect mix of Extra-noisy guitar, programmed keyboards and over-produced drum machine is once again presented to us on their latest three-song release. On it is a cover of a Throbbing Gristle song *Something Came Over Me* and another anti-organized religion piece, *Angels*, filled with excerpts recorded from the media and their usual brand of electronics. The high point, though, is the title track. A catchy tune that flows well but still has plenty of bite. (Wax Trax, 2445 North Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, IL, USA 60614).

**L.Q.**

#### Foetus Interruptus, *Thaw*

Our beloved foetus AKA Jim Thirwell has assumed many vile forms during his career (*Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel* being one of the yummiest). Now he's back as Foetus Interruptus bringing us a fiery *Thaw*. He picked a fine season to put out this piece of hell-fire from the Lydia Lunch, Wiseblood and Big Black hole in the underground. Picture the cover: A pit-bull hungers for your nose, a gang of revolvers firmly aimed at your brain and a fire rages below. Slick ninjas are posed all over ready to do damage. Okay fine, that's packaging. Put the needle to the record and you'll hear vicious threats being carried out. (Foetus, P.O. Box 1085, Canal Street Station, New York, NY, USA 10013-1085).

**Joanna Banana**

#### Les Rats, *Tequila*

Buy this LP and see your turntable stem transformed into a hard-on—no joke. Les Rats have been around for a couple of years, released two singles and this, their first album. They're French, from France, and best described as the lighter side of all this socio-political rock that's coming over from across the pond. It's fun, but it wears thin after a few listens. Translation: Lacks variety. The title song is a jewel, but you're better off finding the single. (New Rose, 7 rue Pierre-Sarazin, 75006, Paris, France).

**Joanna Banana**

#### The Hard-Ons, *The Worst Of...*

Seems the new thing in the business is using turntable stems in clever ways on record labels. These guys have been Australia's hottest rock 'n roll club act for a few years now. Yep, these are what's called tunes to down your ales to. Sort of like the Ramones, maybe not as witty (*maybe not as dumb—ed.*). Choice cuts: *Love Song For Cindy*, *School Days*, *Then I Kissed Her* (Arabic) and *I'll Come Again*. (Vinyl Solution, 39 Hereford Road, London W2, England).

**Joanna Banana Split**

#### Marie and the Wildwood Flowers

Marie Ell's deep velvety singing rises out of thick, rich, warm pink vinyl on every track on their first offering. The style runs along the lines of Diamanda Galas (*omigawd—ed.*). *Lost Girl* is a throaty lullaby. *There Is Always Someone* is a swinging tune full of soul. *Figure On The Ice* flows hypnotic as a hymn. A must for anyone who finds solace in superb women's music. (*Somewhere out of England we think*).

**Joanne Banane (à la Bourassa)**

#### Das Damen, *The Marshmellow Conspiracy (EP)*

Riding the heels of their previous release *Triskaidekaphobe* is this follow-up EP by these sonic wah wah's (as in guitars). Das Damen's music is pure pop wrapped in screeching guitars, feedback and a 60's sense of rhythm and melody. Two tracks, *Bug* and *Five Five Five* from the previous LP appear here in somewhat different form, while the flipside finds the band all loose and kicking. *Sky Yen* is traditionally un-Damen with it's funky beat and horn section and is just great. Concluding with a cover of *Magical Mystery Tour* which starts off quite straight forward, and does a U-turn

# ON THE RECORD

into walls of noise, tape loops, and enough feedback to kill Paul McCartney's sheep from 50 yards. If you're not familiar with Das Damen, this EP is the perfect excuse to get yourself acquainted. All wrapped in great cover design and pink marbled vinyl, ya just can't lose. (SST, P.O. Box 1 Lawndale, Ca, USA 9026).

**Patrick Hamou**

#### Los Lobos, *La Pistola Y El Corazon*

What to do after *La Bamba*? Why it's obvious—make an album in Spanish so us dumb reviewers don't know what the fuck you're singing about. In fact make an album most of your fans won't understand. Although what they did do was print the lyrics in English so at least we know what the songs are about. The album's not bad if you like this kinda stuff but I really wouldn't encourage it but it's going to take me several listens of this album to get a grasp on it. This album will go great in clubs right after the Gipsy Kings. (WEA)

**Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell**



#### Les Sheriffs, *3-2-1-Zéro*

Un peu plus pop Ramones que leurs premiers vinyl *Pan* lequel m'avais frappé un vrai post-punk français. De Montpellier ils arrivent à électriser les auriculateurs du Québec, tout comme les Ramones ils enchaînent les plages sur un rythme plus rapide...oui en effet c'est vraiment Ramonal ces rétrocordantes *Ya Pas de Doute* "Hou Hah!" La batterie à meilleur son que l'album précédant et la production sonne les veines du studio léchée. *Plus Haut* "gñan gñan! Pogo pogo avec les Dollars on essaie le cœur dur, skip riff "nanananananana", *Mayonnaise A Gogo* sur tempino tangerine comme les premiers Sheriffs ça lubrifie bien là ou il fait bon vivre, *Rien à Dire* me rappelles un tantinet les cordes solides du chanteur rescapé **Iggy** au début des années '80, *3-2-1-Zéro* ça "clanche", bien sûr couché sur une moquette arrière de taxi sur les Champs Elysées à plus de 160kmh. (Gougnauf Mouve-

ment 28 rue Thiers, 49100 Angers).

**Bery**

#### Falco, *His new album*

Why did I get this one to review. Remember *Rock Me Amadeus*, well this is the same guy. What could he do next? Simple, he came out with an album of remakes of that hit as well as some Euro-Disco as well as a couple ballads. So now he sounds a lot like Motorhead and Metallica. I can't wait until his next album comes out so I get to review it again. It's funny I was in a record store on Boxing Day and saw this album on the rack... Nobody even touched it. (*Some really big label*)

**Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell**



#### Geardads, *9 Feet Tall*

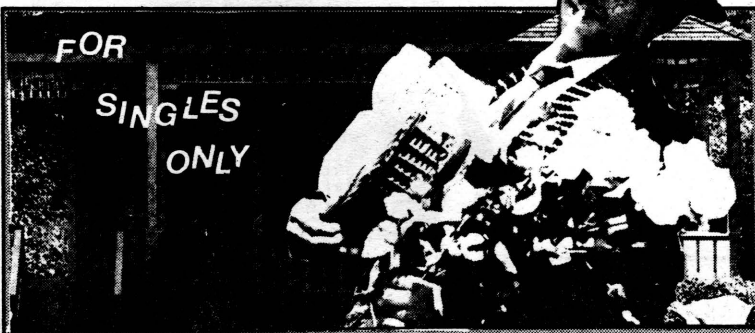
The Beach Boys are back, well almost. They're back with the name The Geardads. The Geardads are the late 80's, Northeast state, snow-capped, hockey-playing, lobster-fishing, big-city version of the Beach Boys from New Haven. The first thing they should do is get a drummer—they use 4 on the 6 songs on the album, then they should write some better songs. Maybe they should get a drummer who's a good songwriter. A really dull record to listen to and to look at, the best thing about it is that they thank the Schaefer Brewing Company. (Incass Records, PO Box 8344, New Haven, CT 06530)

**Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell**

#### Danzig

In case you didn't guess, it's the latest from Glenn Danzig, chief fiend of the **Misfits** and **Samhain**. This album seems almost a logical progression from Samhain, considering the matallic tinge on *November-Coming-Fire*. The music on this LP is slow and grinding, complete with guitar solos. In a way, it's totally different from any of Mr. Danzig's previous records, but at the same time, it has a lot of similar aspects. Like the typical strange droning that we've heard before from Samhain. The lyrics are horror type stuff, with a sexual tone that makes me wonder when was the last time Glenn got





So we haven't been around for a few months. Well that's your fault, you didn't send enough beer. I actually haven't been around even longer thanks to Paul hiring Burnt Barfett to replace me—we all know what a mistake that was. He couldn't review a single if it fell on him.

We have all been searching for Al "The Assassin" Clark to come back and tell us just what isn't music. In the immortal words of Mr. Clark "If it has a tune it just isn't worth listening to." By the way the word on the street is that Al has been let out and the girl's parents have stopped looking for him. So come on Al, the heat's off.

Burnt meanwhile was last seen in a monastery with a shaved head (oops sorry, that's Paul). Actually, Burnt was last heard from in Riviere Du Loup looking for Gilles Rheame on his around-Quebec trek in support of French rights. Send us postcards Burnt.

Anyways this month we've got some work to do, not much mind you but Paul "The Ugandan Giant" Gott and me, Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell are here to review all your worst singles. One day we'll actually get around to listening to them.

As always the rules are the same: Put the kids to bed and no spitting on the reviewers (except for Paul, he likes that).

#### Eight Route Army, *Jesus DeMilo*

This one really chugs (beer or musically, believe me it really matters for my rating). Paul thought this was greatest thing since sliced marmite. He would. The only thing he didn't like about it was the heavy metal guitar intro. The only I didn't like about it was the song. (1 Dimensional) Rating: 6.25

#### Backbeats, *The Hunger*

Red vinyl-3 points. 4 songs-1 point. Sounds like Doug & The Slugs but they probably don't even know who they are so they're excused... this time. The best thing is they're from Providence so we'll probably never see them in Montreal. (Wham) Rating: 2

#### France Gall, *Ella Elle L'a*

Emma says it's gross but what does she know, she just burnt her Eggos. It is kinda disgusting for all of us to listen to but that's why they don't pay us. Beer didn't make it sound any better. The flip side was even worse. (WEA) Rating: 0.55

#### Forbidden Dimension, 4 song EP

Emma wanted to take a bath when we listened to this one. For any of you who don't know, Emma is one of the sweetest, most... oops sorry I got my notes mixed up. Emma has something to do with this paper, see the staff box. The music? It's positively Gruesome. (Raging Records) Rating: 5.3

#### Movable Feast, 4 song EP

These Americans need an E. They could always take one out of Free Trad. This is Middle American music straight from the REM songbook. I say they sound more like the Byrds. Too much of the same. Too much. (Southeast) Rating: 2.25

#### Celebrity Drunks, *Holly Jolly*

Sounds a lot like their demo. Unfortunately. (Amok) Rating: #(\*&\*%#)

#### Martina & The Part Time Punx, *Heut Nacht Bin Ich Bei Dir*

I think the title mean "get your foot out of my soup". Paul thinks it means "Gee what nice nasal hairs you have." This record sounds like Tommy James & the Shondells with a mohawk. Paul thinks Martina is a porker (That's "punker"—ed.). (Orgasm) Rating: 8.5

#### Der Durstige Mann, *Leichen Sind Wie Du-Nur Tot!*

We figured out that this translates as "your girlfriend Dudumeer is on fire". Der Durstige... is not up to his normal high standards. This guy is like a German Deja Voodoo. He puts out records for himself and other people and never seems to sell too many. It's nice he does this but we shouldn't really encourage him... (Orgasm) Rating: 4.5

#### Footprints of God Compilation

We argued over how to rate it. Bands here include Moto, the Woodchoppers, Eclectic Blitch, Isolatia Farm & A Dying Gymnast. All were forgettable except Moto's *Crystallize My Penis*. Paul would bury it if it wasn't for that song. (Tulpa Productions) Rating: Somewhere between 3 and 4.

#### Clams, *Just a Song*

Musical rock studio (haha), a Montreal based production. I say Romeo Void like, Paul says they're a real rock—the best of this month's lot. They sound like they're having fun. Not too bad for a single. (Imaginary) Rating: 8

And th-th-th-th-that's all folks. If you want to hear from us more often (and we know that you must), send us some 45's to review. Nothing is so bad that we can't put it on the turntable for 15 seconds and slag it badly. So mail 'em off today to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec H3G 2N4.



fucked. Overall, it's not a bad album and I enjoyed listening to it. But it definitely doesn't live up to old Misfits or Samhain.

Allie

#### Soul Side, *Trigger*

What a great band!!! Washington D.C.'s Soul Side rock on their second LP! This band produces what I guess could be called medium-paced melodic hardcore. But whatever you call it, it kicks ass! Soul Side has improved musically since their last album; the vocals are emotional and the lyrics are thoughtful and intelligent. This is the kind of album I could listen to over and over again. What more can I say? Get this! (\$7 u.s., Dischord Records, 3819 Beecher St. N.W., Washington D.C., 20007).

Allie



#### Badbob, *Now Is Reaction*

Well Badbob isn't so bad after all. In fact he's really nice. Just like the music on this album. It sounds real nice. The only problem is, I hate nice. This is lite pop music with the vocals mixed way up front cuz the lyrics are, like, really important. Although the awful state of the world today is a prevalent theme in art and music these days, Mr. Badbob's lyrics are extremely heavy-handed and corny. I have a suspicion these guys might even be (shudder) Christians. The only redeeming quality on this album is the tasty guitar work throughout. Badbob isn't merely bad, he's terrible. (Incas Records, P.O. Box 3474, Westport, CT 06880).

Zippy

#### Head Of David, *Dustbowl*

Never heard of this band before but the first thing I noticed was production by Steve (Big Black) Albini. Say no more. This is a post-industrial, bulldozing, clashing guitar attack, mounted over relentless, jackhammer, trash-can drums. The songs are rock 'n' roll based and have a linear progression which makes it less obvious and slightly more accessible than Big Black. And, in my opinion, much better. (Blast First/Dutch East India Trading, P.O. Box 800 Rockville Centre, N.Y. 1157-0800).

Zippy

#### M.C. Shan, *Born To Be Wild*

With the proliferation of rap coming out these days, it's getting harder for the artists to be original. M.C. Shan's distinguishing sound is a bassy, thumping beat with minimal scratching and sampling. The rhyming ain't bad, the heavy beat makes for max dance-ability and it's refreshing in its simplicity. However, it's neither as innovative as Public Enemy nor as tough as Run D.M.C. Although M.C. Shan deals with the same street themes as most rappers, the sound is more dance club than wild-style street action. Quite restrained actually. *Born To Be Wild?* Nah, I don't think so. (Cold Chillin Records/Warner Bros.).

Zippy

#### Bootsy Collins, *What's Bootsy Doin?*

Bootsy's back with this hyperspacey party on plastic that's gonna have you boogie-frettin'-freakin'. Bootsy is a pure epizootic genius of techno-organic, cosmically integrated sooper-funksoul. Laid back groovin' intertwines with computerized samplings, blistering, mind-boglyphing Bernie Worrell guitar riffs and Bootsy's own monster-mashin' bass. This

is the farthest-outest, wag-rad coolest album I've heard in a space age. Whats Bootsy doin? He's back'n'bad on the psychotically hip planet of Maggotropolis Funkedelia! (CBS).

Zippy

#### Genuine Houserockin Music III

This is the third volume in a fantastic compilation series that successfully brings the blues into the eighties. Both old and new artists are presented with a contemporary feel as well as respect for their individual sounds. Highlights of the album include swamp music queen **Katie Webster** doin a funky little number called *Who's Makin Love?*. New group the **Paladins** are hot as is **A.C. Reed** with his sax-oriented blues. The late **Roy Buchanan** has the most innovative tune on the LP, a boppy, bluesy number with crazy guitar sounds called *Highwire*. The old "hippie" folk-blues band **Seigal-Schwall** closes the album with a live version of a humorous song called *I Think It Was The Wine*. My fave tune on the album is by **Lonnie Brooks**. His voice is real low-down and the grinding guitar leads are backed by a solid rockin beat. Other bands featured are: **Kenny Neal**, **The Kinsey Report**, **Tinsley Ellis**, **Maurie John Vaughn**, and **Little Charlie and the Nightcats**. Good news! The blues are alive and kickin in the eighties. (Alligator Records).

Zippy

#### The Adolescents, *Balboa Fun Zone*

Once upon a time in L.A., back before Guns and Roses had dropped out of high school, the rock scene there was ruled by groups like TSOL, Circle Jerks and Agent Orange. The Adolescents were part of that group and while they never got much attention they were always my favorite and now they've made a come back. Actually it's only two out of the possible five original members and none of them are exactly kids anymore but that doesn't matter, this is still a great record. It's the kind of record that reminds you where the current glam scene came from in the first place, in fact this album falls in perfectly between TSOL and Guns and Roses, an honest to god missing link between punk and glam. Never a political band they haven't gained any annoying causes while growing up, in fact they don't seem to have grown up at all. The songs are about the usual cars, girls, parents, drinking, fighting and getting a tattoo. They just want to play real loud. (Triple X Records, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 282, Hollywood, California, USA 90028).

David James

#### Billy Bragg, *Worker's Playtime*

The initial surface blandness of this record sounds like a compromise—Billy trying to come to terms with his increasingly "professional" sound and songcraft. It comes across as tentative, iffy. But what slowly sinks in is that his attention to detail so personal and quirky that it's no wonder it takes so long to hit. These songs are almost willfully obscure—waiting for something in your life to trigger their meaning. And the added bits of music (including cello, viola, even flugelhorn) are unobtrusive, understated. Subtly effective. P.S. to BB: Anyone who thinks "capitalism is killing music" is hereby referred to a little number called *Levi Stubbs' Tears*. (Go Discs Ltd./Polygram).

Stanley White

#### The Three Johns, *The Death of Everything*

By now they're careerists despite themselves—with a US label, they now find themselves as "influences" to a new generation of underground bands. This probably amuses them to no end, but like first cousins the Mekons, they don't know what to do about it. Their marginality always depended on an adherence to song forms that both parodied and illuminated their wry, cynical view of the pop music world they inhabited. Here they abandon any

suggestions of melody or tightness and rave-up instead. Fine, but it doesn't go anywhere a lot of the time. Nice background noise, however. And they do have one hell of a drummer. (Caroline Records, 5 Crosby St., NY, NY 10013)

Stanley White

#### Shinehead, *Unity*

Toastmaster supreme, a few of these grooves (3 with Jam Master Jay's hand in the production) also are tough enough to stand as straight rap. He quotes all over the place (from the Beatles to Sam Cooke to the Tokens to Bob Marley to—who's that? Public Enemy?) and runs on enough at the mouth enough to give Yellowman or Eek-A-Mouse reason to look over their shoulders. He's also got an uncanny knack for sing-song hooks that probably nice up a few halls in JA. As well, he's real cool, he chills to the max, he might act crazy, but he don't smoke crack. (African Love Records/WEA)

Stanley White

#### Various Artists, *Rai Rebels*

Very specialized indeed. Rai, or pop-rai, originates from the area around the port of Oran in Western Algeria. Rai is a mix of many Mediterranean styles both new and old, and (if you can believe the liner notes) is "a young punk's music". The analogy isn't that far off, though. The subject matter of these songs is (allegedly) sex and drugs and cars, by definition a snarl of defiance to the ruling Islamic state. Although born in the heart of Algeria, it was nurtured in Algerian communities in Paris, Frankfurt, Milan, and Tokyo. What you get is a swirling, sexually-charged music that lurches across the language barrier with relative ease. For those inclined to revere music born of oppression, fans of Dissidenten, or people looking for a charge those like Naked Raygun can't serve up. (Earthworks/Virgin).

Stanley White

#### Front 242, *Front by Front*

Belgian shocktroopers Front 242 finally release another LP following their *Welcome 2 Paradise* EP. What is featured on this album is a hard-hitting musical punch with a few lyrics. My favorites on this disc are *Until Death Us Do Part*, and *First In/First Out*. I'm just wondering when these guys will get their Belgian Butts over here because I wanna see them live. They call it Electronic Body Music, I agree! (Nettwerk/Capital)

TAJ



#### Lime Spiders, *Volatile*

So I always thought these guys were some wimp Brit synth band—didn't even get the country right. Australia. And the sound, well it's like power pop 'n glam 'n fuzz 'n cowpunk 'n rock 'n roll comin' together in a Punk rock orgy. But a nice clean, home grown orgy. Ya know the type—condoms, sex toys, acoustic guitars and producers who know what the fuck they're doing. So what if it's pop music? It don't sound pop 'cause the guys want it to sound rock 'n roll. If they gave it to some lamo Canuck producer it'd sound like Glass Tiger instead 'o Slaughter and the Dogs. Leave it this way. It's happenin'. (Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, New York, NY, USA 10013).

Johnny Zero



# for cassettes only

## Scream, No More Censorship

I'll have to say that Scream are one of my personal fave hardcore bands. This new album of theirs makes me like 'em even more. The music has definitely changed from their earlier albums, sounding hard and heavy yet professional. *No More Censorship* is different because one minute you'll be hearing a real mellow acoustic followed by this hyper-speed rhythm that makes you wanna jump all over the place. Also featured inside are some real cool notes on censorship, jail, American poverty and religious wars. All in all a great album which I didn't pay much for either, considering it was an import. The only thing missing on this record is a little reggae which they're so good at playing. (RAS Records Inc., P.O. Box 42517, Washington D.C. 20015).

TAJ

## Marilyn Crispel, Labyrinths

Solos de piano bien énergiques et vibratiles enregistrés live au 5ieme festival International de Musique Actuelle de Victoriaville par le réseau FM Stéréo de Radio Canada. Le son est excellent et la performance hyperclean. Une bonne pianiste qui vaut la peine d'être écoutée surtout par les amateurs de solos Jazz et Contemporains. Plait en buvant un bon café expresso vers les trois heures du mat. (Les Disques Victo, CP 460 Victoriaville, Que G6P 6T3).

Bery

## A House, On our big fat mary-go-round

Guitare et voix à la U-2 sur un rythme "cheep & rapide". Tendance également du vieux rock plain de shower, organes sur cuisse et pour ceux qui ont le swing plus excité, le tapotement de gauche à droite de la queue sur la fesse est de rigueur. Maintenant je suis prêt à promener mon caniche à lunettes fraîchement rasé sur la rue. Attention ti-gars tu vas tomber si j'suis pas là. Sur la deuxième face ya des chansons d'amour, et finalement le reste de l'album est de beaucoup plus alternatif... entre deux fesses. (Blanco-y Negro).

Bery

## Gardner Cole, Δ's

Super Disco club qui suce au Max, surproduction américaine New York en Californie. Chansons d'amour momolles *Thought I Had Her, Feeling Love* après avoir tant baisé *If You'd Be My Baby, I'm In Love Again, Tell Me, All Is Well*. Eh bien, l'écoute fut brève et l'alterné inexistant, un bon disque pour les coureurs de Disco clubs les fins de semaines pneumatiques. (WEA).

Bery

## Ministry, The Land of Rape and Honey

So you're at your local alternative disco. The headlining band just finished their last song of their set and the DJ starts up the PA and plays a tune by Ministry. If it's just your standard alternative disco, the DJ will probably play a tune from side one of this album which is fairly guitar and drum (beat box) oriented. There's nothing too spectacular here. If you're in a really Punk kind of disco, then the DJ will probably play a track from the other side of this record. It's somewhat more cacophonous, the vocals have been treated and distorted nearly to a point beyond comprehension. The tunes range from dirges to fairly quick tempo pieces and from acid AC/DC type rocker to pure cacophony. I have to wear black when I listen to this record. It does not move me. (WEA).

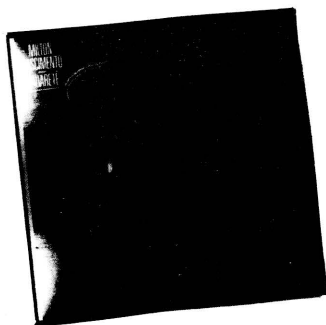
Ewan MacDonald

## Inbetween Dreams, A Different Life

I do not like this record. This is a pop band from New England. I wonder if the distorted guitar sound which is used sporadically will prevent them from being played on FM radio. Somehow I doubt it. Lyrically, this band ranges from pointing out the negative aspects of a city which they love to kinda soppy love songs, like one entitled

*More Than A Girl*. I hope she's more than a girl, I hope she's a woman if they're going to sing about her like that. (Rapid Records, P.O. Box 158 Lynncroft, NJ 07738).

Ewan MacDonald



## Fishbone, Truth and Soul

I like this record. Finally, a band that does things the way I would, drums, bass and all. Tempos range from fiercely fast to grinding funk, with elements of the sorta off-the-beat guitar, chic-chic sound that you'd equate a lot with Ska or Reggae. Lots of great guitar sound—the distorted guitar sounds being very distorted. The lyrical ranges of the singers are great, including some crazy high notes from one of them. This is a really strong record with lots of elements of Funk and Punk, speed and slowness, Ska and Reggae. It sounds like a winner to me. (CBS).

Ewan MacDonald

## Milton Nasimento, Yauarete

I do not mind this album, I find it inoffensive. You work for a small, upwardly mobile publishing company and at the office christmas party, if you didn't hear Milton Nasimento album, you guys aren't as today as you thought you were. Picture it, a performer with African roots performing in South America, even has one track with Paul Simon and another has some help from Herbie Hancock who actually plays out a not-half-bad piano solo. He sings in Spanish but has provided an English translation on a lyric sheet. There seems to be almost a bluesy sound, very politically aware (I guess anyone living in South America would have to be). Very deep too. Very, very deep. Lots of acoustic and synthesizer sound. Stylistically be might compare to George Michaels, but lyrically the comparison would be closer to Bruce Coburn. (CBS)

Ewan MacDonald



## The Toll, The Price of Progression

I like this record. Most of this bands sound comes from their two guitars, leaving the bass very little room to add to the sound of the songs. The band recording this debut album live in the studio. It sounds to me like Punk Rock may have had some influence on the way the vocals are delivered. Lyrically I think the band hits its strongest point. The band does a narrative, where they ad-lib, the lead guitarist talks, screams, sings through it. It sounds like the band is emotional and like they might even have a bit of integrity. I would generalize and suggest that their lyrics seem to stem from the politics of life. One songs deals with a young person trying to understand corporate religion, another, "girl, woman, mother, wife" trying to understand a dead

end life with an abusive husband. (Geffen/WEA)

Ewan MacDonald

## REM, Green

I don't like this record. Perhaps I'm not accustomed to the art on this disc. Lyrically, I wasn't able to understand WHY. I rather enjoyed the production, the bass sound was fairly interesting. The guitarist was present, though not overwhelming, lots of odd percussion things happening. The melodies are fairly strong, but the highlight for me was a Beach Boy's-style rip off. (WEA).

Ewan MacDonald

## Le Mystère Des Voix Bulgaires, Volume 2

I like this record! This album contains songs by choirs of Bulgarian folkies. A Canadian equivalent might be Edith Butler, the Acadian singer. But unlike Butler the voices on Mystère are generally without accompaniment. I believe only one song had a band backing them up, in that case it sounded a bit like the Romanians. This is coral music that is very unfamiliar to me. The arrangements and the harmonies especially were surprising. In the arrangements they'd be cruising along at a slow, folk kinda tempo, then all of a sudden they'd just blast into aultra upbeat segment. The sound was packed full of vocal wildness. (None-such Records, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, NY, NY, 10019).

Ewan Macdonald



## V-A-T'il Un Pilote Dans Lemming?, Various

Godammit I hate live albums. I hate 'em because most of 'em sound like this one. Lame. And it's the pits 'cause I think at least three of the six bands on this slab really groove on their studio stuff. **Ludwig Von 88, Washington Dead Cats 'n Les Sattelites** are happenin' bands, but not here. **Babylon Fighters** play one roots reggae instr. and a James Bond dub thing. Could be good, but what the fuck do I know about reggae? **Dazibao** grunges round a song pretty cool-like and then screws their second tune. **Achwgha Ney Wodei** sound like those kids in high school who choose "percussion" in band instead of playing real music. Sounds like theyz all funny guys and could be worth seein' live, but they lose it when they move it onto vinyl. Buy their studio stuff instead. (Bondage Records, 46, rue du Roi de Sicile, 75004, Paris).

Johnny Zero

Hey, yo. Listen, we love getting albums in the mail (doesn't everybody). So go ahead and send us stuff for review. We try to assign records in different styles to people who like that style, so you generally get a fair review, if not a good one. Also, we review about 95 per cent of indies sent to us and are even doing mail-outs now. Talk about organized. That address again is:

RearGarde Magazine, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4.

Two more compilations this month. One is out of Boston the other is based out of Ottawa but contains bands from Victoria to San Francisco to Montreal. The Boston is the off the Beautiful sounds label and has had rumours of major label release.

The tape is called *Def Row* and contains 13 tracks. As you can guess by the title the whole tape is Rap and it contains some of the best Rap to come out of Boston. Side two on the tape (Cell Block B if you go by the liner notes) is the far superior of the two sides although Cell Block A ain't too shabby itself. (WMWC) For more information on this tape and some others contact Beautiful Sounds PO Box 1863, Brookline MA 02146.

Every couple months it seems like I'm reviewing another compilation from the hands of Patrick Andrade out of Ottawa. This time he's put out the best tape yet called *Theft of Paradise*. This one includes tracks from Montreal rangers **Rhythm Activism** reprising *Louis Riel*, B. C. poet *Jeannette Armstrong* also joined by Toronto rapper **R. P. Rapper**, San Francisco's **Rhythm Pigs**, England's **Macka B** and Victoria's **NoMeansNo** with two live tracks.

Not being a fan of the Rhythm Pigs I was surprised to hear the cut here (*Marlboro Man*). It is very good and fits into the theme of the tape—the plight of the North American Indian. **Rhythm Activism** has been covered before but their rendition of *Louis Riel* to the tune of *Louie Louie* is still terrific. The rest of the tape is also very good as it ranges from Dub Poetry to Rap but the two cuts from *NoMeansNo* do go on for a bit too long. Also the liner notes are next to impossible to read as they are microscopic to the naked eye but so what—pick up the tape and a magnifying glass. (WMWC).

To get this tape and you can ask about others contact Technawbe, 720 Carson Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 0H3.

So it seems like we're getting over-loaded with a peculiar brand of Canadian pop music now-a-days—twangy guitars, wimpy harmonies and bubblegum production over basic pop hooks (y'know—Glass Tiger, 54-40, Grapes of Wrath, etc etc etc). So along comes Toronto's **Heimlich Maneuver** upchugging all this onto the floor and reassembling it with heavy fazed and distorted guitars and razor-throat vocals. It's almost like they're doing a parody of CanPop, but it works well in its own right—distinctive and poppy melodies over a post-whatever (hardcore/punk/noise—you choose) backing. Only on *Parakeets* do they lose it, sounding too much like CanPop... The rest really rock. (JDH)

Patrick J. Duffy, Pain Management, 54 Widmer St., Toronto, Ontario, M5V 2E9.

Back in town we have a four-song tape from **Portable Ethnic Taxi**. More pop music, but with an interesting semi-distorted guitar picking lead throughout. The first song, *Brazil* moves along at a nice pace but is held back by needless harmonies throughout and a cutesy (Brazilian-like-or-something) guitar break. I'm picking on this one because the song is really quite amazing and the arrangement is solid as well—could be a truly great song if they'd let it survive on its own with some nice straight-ahead lead vocals. The rest of the songs can't quite compare but they do manage to inject some of their own style into what is basically up-tempo pop and a sense of humour into *Wallflower*. And I really like the heavy distorted guitar they mix in without it sounding out-of-place. If they'd strip away some of them studio tricks, I think they'd get some real action happening. Must be really cool live. (JDH) No address available.

I just don't know why everyone's going on about how Montreal's hardcore scene is dying out. Seems to me there's more new bands out there now than at any time in the past. **B.A.R.F.** (for Blast All Rotten Fuckers) is a good example of a young band, with its first cassette release, *Social Disorder*. The ten songs here are mostly in the thrash ultra-speed mode, though they do "slow down" so-to-speak on *Massive Social War*, my favourite on the cassette. Unfortunately, the production takes away from whatever subtleties the group has (if any) by munching the sound. Lyrics are provided (a nice touch) and anarchy is reflected both here and in the music (though *Anytime Anywhere* is a really stooopid sexist song—just what the hell is it doing here?). So, a tad generic at times, still a nice debut. Hopefully their next release'll have some more solid production behind it. (JDH)

Demo "and shit" from **BARF**, 11634 Michel Sarrazin, #7, Montreal, Quebec, H4J 2G5.

The **Swindled** from Toronto make **BARF** sound over-produced. What we have on their *McJesus* cassette is a band trying to be offensive by taking pot-shots mostly at organized religions. Some funny moments are over-shadowed by some lame lyrics and some lame tunes. *Aunti-Nazi* is an exception, with a solid Punk melody line and lyrics that seem to be a response to the *Viletones' Swastika Girl* (tho' about 10 years too late). I'm not sure if the **Swindled** are a real band or a studio project, but the whole tape has a garage-production-studio sound and feel to it, mixing hardcore guitars and vocals thinly over drum machines. Some good ideas (and a lot of bad) that'd work better if they'd put a little dirt in the recording instead of this squeaky-clean and generally vacant mix. (JDH) **Swindled** c/o Bulseye Records, 4352 Kingston Rd., Box 11, Scarborough, Ontario, M1E 2M8.

Finally, we've got the **Druids** from out east. Remember that Canadian pop music I was talking about earlier? Well, it's here. Not so bad, though, coz they do have a fuzzy guitar. Unfortunately, they bury it behind the snare drum and bass so it does little more than buzz most of the time. It actually works quite well on tunes like the opening *Time to go Home* where there's some speed involved, but when they slow it down to mid-tempo the interest decreases as well, and the slow song *When I'm Gone* is just plain tedious. Keep them tempos up guys and you've got a nice thing goin'. (JDH)

The **Druids**, c/o Andrew Thorne, 889 Grandame St., Fredericton, N.B., E3B 3Z7.





# FILLER



by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

As promised this month we have an "exclusive" interview with well-known comedian Emo Phillips, could this be a "Preview" to things to come in other papers or just a "Mirror" of things that have already happened? Anyways this interview was done in the bar of a downtown hotel where Emo was staying when he was in town during the comedy festival last summer. The questions I asked were pretty dumb so I'm just going to print his answers, not that they're the best but they are funny in no specific context.

- "No I'm not weird. What's your name?"
- "I stand for nothing, a total moral jellyfish."
- "I love it here (during the Just For Laughs festival), you can get all your comedy over in one week. The rest of the time you can do accounting problems."
- "I think the Club Soda was easily the nicest audience I've ever worked, except for that mortuary convention last year."
- "Like Nietzsche said 'that which doesn't kill me makes me stronger,' although personally I'll take jogging to having my brain eaten out by syphilis."
- "People come to see me and look at how I solve my problems and say 'Oh my gosh it's time to leave.'"
- "I was at home the other night and I heard my parents arguing in the next room about me, saying stuff like 'I told you he'd live.'"



- "But if my dad could see me here tonight he'd say things like 'Emo how'd you escape from the attic?'"
- "My mom has seen my act (what'd she think?). She doesn't think. That's why she's a mother."
- "The other day I told my mother there was nothing to eat. She said there was some cheese. She'd just love for me to get my nose caught in that trap again."
- "The Soviet Union is a combination of evil and incompetence, kinda like the Post Office with tanks."
- "Gorbachev has turned out to be a nice guy which proves you can't prejudge someone because they have the mark of the beast on their forehead."
- "I was in a street gang in Downer's Grove, Illinois. The Insane White Eunuch and Doris Day Impersonators. We were pretty tough. Once we were walking down the street and this patrol boy told us to stop but we laughed in his face and ran across the street. The little fairy only caught about twelve of us."
- "Montreal is like if a genie came up to an American French language teacher. They would wish for this town to turn into a textbook. I should get credits for being here for a week."
- "People in Canada are smarter because it's cold. All they do is read all the time. All people in California do is run on the beach and catch frisbees in their mouths."
- "In Downer's Grove, Illinois they have a sign that says 'Home of Emo Phillips,' and they have guys with masks around it checking radiation levels."
- "I performed once in Downer's Grove at a theatre—it was a benefit. They were going to tear this theatre down and they wanted me to perform there and that's when they'll tear it down."
- "Thank you very much home-boy. And as the skiers say in Israel, Slalom."

# MR



Okay, yeah, so this interview has been delayed again and again because of our fabled backlog. Well, better late than never or something like that...

by Paul Gott

The Mr. T. Experience are from California and they play loud, fast, fuzzy and funny music.

They did their first gigs in Canada last summer, playing Station 10 in Montreal to a receptive, if not over-whelming crowd. Some marketing genius had put a bunch of long-haired Viking-types on the poster, so I was expecting some speed-metal madness. What I got was a solid Punk rock show (no, not hardcore) from a dedicated party band. In fact, the next night, they phoned in this interview after playing at a party on the roof of a dorm at M.I.T. in Boston.

And, no, they have absolutely nothing to do with the popular media personality with the same name.

"We just started calling ourselves the Mr. T. Experience because we couldn't think of anything better and then, when we started to turn into a real band, we were stuck with the name," says Dr. Frank, one of the band's guitarists and singers. "But then, there's the question of why we used that name in the first place. Now, two years later, it's kind of hard to rationalize..."

Your intrepid interviewer suggested that alcohol might have had something to do with their decision...

"Yes. Definitely," agrees Frank. "It comes from a time when you'd see Mr. T. everywhere. He was a cereal and he was a cartoon and a little plastic doll and he was on pajamas. And we were just fitting into the whole trend."

Not that the band is trying to be trendy with its music. Their show features Frank and guitarist/vocalist Jon von staggering around the stage pounding out three-chord fuzzy tunes and dedicating most of them to girls they've known or would like to know. But the trendy name has caused confusion for fans at times.

"When we opened up for the Dickies in San Francisco, they went on the radio before the concert and said 'Oh yeah, we're playing with this negro rap group,'" says Frank. "But I get a certain satisfaction out of perverting people's expectations. I mean, if you can have such a dumb name and still play in a club and have a full room, I think you must be doing pretty good."

A sense of humour is a must when listening to a band with songs like *Skatin' Cows*, *Itching Powder in the Sleeping Bags* and *Go Away*, and subjects like girls, girls, what would happen when there's no more Ramones, and girls. It's a nice change from overly-political bands that take themselves overly-seriously. But the band isn't a Joke Band, says Frank, it just has a well-developed sense of humour.

"It's a bit of a problem because when people hear the name and the song titles, they tend to classify us as a joke band," he says. "You know, while part of the whole thing is that we don't take ourselves too seriously, there are serious parts of the band."



One thing the band is trying to do is to bring down to earth some of the more self-conscious bands, especially in their home neighborhood of San Francisco. Of course, these other bands don't always take that well to being made fun of.

"Yeah, a lot of people know what we're doing and a lot of people think we suck," says Frank, laughing. "It's an aesthetic of Punk rock that used to be very prevalent in the early 80's and went away for a while and we're trying to bring it back. It's a sense of not taking yourself too seriously because that can get really boring really quick."

Crowds are another thing to worry about at times. Especially when you start talking about some sacred punk cows, like in their song *The End of the Ramones*.

"There was one time when we did that song and there was some guy in the club who started screaming 'The Ramones are fucking God, man!' He was taking it like we were killing his idols or something," says Frank. "But the thing is—the way the chords are structured—it's like a Ramones song. It's obvious, or it should be obvious, that it's a tribute as well as a spoof. The the Ramones are one of our favourite bands. It's just kind of funny to think about this band 20 years down the road."

The band do have that 'Sound of 77' feel—and not just in the music. Wearing running shoes and plain shirts, it looks like they just came out of the audience, like they don't feel they have to dress the part. This, along with flat-top buzz-cuts (for three out of four members) make them look—and sound—more like the early Clash than anything else.

"Well, I'll take that as a complement," says Frank of the Clash comparison. "You see, that's the kind of group that I like, they were one of my inspirations. It's the kind of stuff that I like to listen to, the type of stuff that I was listening to when we formed the band."

It's really not the sound, or the attitude people expect from a San Francisco underground band. The band did have some trouble getting shows when they started out

three years ago because everyone was booking hardcore. But Frank notes that the scene has evolved in the last couple of years to be more open to others types of music.

"There is still a lot of hardcore, but it's kind of fading away," he says. "There's the Gilman Street place that has given a lot of other acts that aren't in the Big Business Punk Rock frame of mind a chance to develop an audience. Gilman's is a community warehouse-type place run by *Maximum Rock 'n Roll*. A lot of the young bands can only play there."

He lays to rest illusions that there is a huge amount of venues for bands in San Francisco to test out new bands, pointing out that many venues are being bought up or controlled by Bill Graham, a big-time U.S. promoter who just ain't interested in trying out new talent. But the Gilman Street venue has given bands a chance to establish an audience before approaching the clubs.

"I don't think we can take credit for it, but there are a lot more bands that have our approach now. There are a lot of great new bands in San Francisco," he says. "And I think that speed-metal is fading away—or not fading away, but there is a chance for people to play other types of music, so they do, and so it's not exclusively speed-metal any more."

"I like to say that we're a Punk rock band. And when I say 'Punk rock' I mean the Clash and bands like that. Most people, to them Punk rock is MDC or something, and that's not what it means. It's not that I have anything against MDC, it's just not what we're doing."

The band released *Night Shift At The Thrill Factory* on Rough Trade Records in the States early in '88. This is their second LP, their first one being released by the band itself to an unanticipated warm reception: "I think it did better than anyone expected," says Frank. It was propelled by some "hit" underground tunes about Mr. T. favourites like Danny Partridge and Paula Pierce, the lead singer of the Pandoras.

The '88 tour was kind of a 'Get To Know Mr. T. Tour'. It was a success, according to Frank, in that they got good crowds in a lot of cities where people had never heard of them before (like Montreal). They're hoping that word-of-mouth will fill the clubs when they tour again to support their planned third album sometime this year.

"I was really expecting no one to be in the club in Montreal because we don't have a record contract up here and I didn't think anyone would've heard about us," says Frank, who notes that his knowledge of the Montreal scene ranges as far as the Doughboys and nothing else. "When I saw there were people for the show, I was very pleasantly surprised."

Okay, you know it's a backlog interview when the final question is the Mass-Produced Toy question (hadn't got to ice cream flavours yet), but here's Frank's answer: "I think I'd be a Captain Laser. This is going back to my childhood, but I like that because he's goofy and he's kind of scary at the same time."

# EXPERIENCE

PHOTO: DEREK LEBRERO



**American Rock Café:** 2080 Aylmer. 288-9272.  
**Cafe Campus:** 3315 Queen Mary. 735-1259.  
**Club Soda:** 5240 Park. 270-7848.  
**Concordia:** 1455 De Maisonneuve. 848-7474.  
**Deja Vu:** 1224 Bishop. 866-0512.  
**Folie du Large:** 1021 Bleury. 397-1222.  
**Foufounes Electriques:** 97 Ste. Catherine St. E. 845-5484.  
**Grand Café:** 1720 St. Denis. 849-6955.  
**Montreal Forum:** 2313 St. Catherine W. 932-2582.

**Peel Pub:** 1106 de Maisonneuve W. 845-9002.  
**Poodles:** 3699 St. Laurent. 844-7762.  
**Rising Sun:** 286 Ste. Catherine W. 861-0657.  
**Secrets:** 40 Pine Ave. W. 844-0004.  
**Spectrum:** 318 Ste. Catherine W. 861-5851.  
**Station 10:** 2071 Ste. Catherine St. W. 934-0484.  
**Theatre St. Denis:** 1594 St. Denis. 849-4211.  
**Thunderdome:** 1252 Stanley. 397-1628.  
**Tycoon:** 96 Sherbrooke W.

## CLUBS

If you have any listings, please forward them to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4. By the way, we're still looking for someone to compile some Toronto listings. If you're interested, drop us a line or give us a call at (514) 483-5372.

### Tuesday, January 31st

**Rising Sun:** *Shady Lady*. Could be just about anybody I know. In fact it is.  
**Deja Vu:** *Dr. Sax*. They'll feature their first album, *The Joy of Sax*.  
**Peel Pub:** *Frank & The Fourplay*. This one is too obvious for even me to make fun of so I'll just drop it.  
**Station Ten:** Acoustic Jam. What else is there to do on a Tuesday night?  
**Foufounes Electriques:** *7 Seconds*. I last saw them with SNFU a couple years back and they weren't too bad. I have one of their records and it's not too bad. Other people I know like them and say they're not too bad. Check them out anyways.

### Monday, January 30th

**Rising Sun:** Blue Monday Jam session with Paul Arthur & Raisin' Cain.  
**Deja Vu:** *According to Roger*. Still no letters. Does anybody out there go to this club?  
**Peel Pub:** *Frank & The Fourplay*. Come on, they're just trying to get ahead, I think they have their finger on it. Last show they played only sixty-nine showed. Childish I know.  
**Station Ten:** *Rain*. According to the Farmer's Almanac it's supposed to be Snow.

### Sunday, January 29th

**Rising Sun:** *Mango*. Again.  
**Deja Vu:** *According to Roger* nobody should go.  
**Peel Pub:** *Randy Peters* from Ottawa. Whenever they're in town they always play the Peel Pub. Does that mean something?  
**Station Ten:** Sunday Night Comedy again.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *Too Many Cooks*. I hear they have an album coming out.

### Saturday, January 28th

**Rising Sun:** *Profile* from Toronto for the third night in a row or, if you're reading this in order, for the first night but you've missed the first two.  
**Deja Vu:** *The Jimmy Dogs*.  
**Peel Pub:** *Randy Peters*. I remember once seeing a record of theirs at Cheap Thrills and they wrote on the back of it "I always listen to Brave New Waves". Can I make the assumption that the record got into the used bin by accident? You tell me.  
**Station Ten:** *Fainting In Coils*. Or FIC for short.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *Ready Now*. Not for you guys.

### Friday, January 27th

**Rising Sun:** *Profile* from Toronto for the middle night no matter how you read it.  
**Deja Vu:** *The James Doggies*.  
**Peel Pub:** *Randy Peters*. I remember when they used to play Station Ten, god have they ever gone down in the world.

**Station Ten:** Battle of the Bands returns to this seething (seething? UYou've got to be keeder—ed.) cesspool of forbidden lust called Station Ten. Tonight it's *Portable Ethnic Taxi* and somebody else.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *Ready Now*.  
**Foufounes Electriques:** *Maijing* which is experimental music featuring Janet Long. Did you know that TJ from the Asexuals actually sang *I Got You Babe* in public when he was a wee lad. This amazing piece of trivia is just one of the many things you learn from reading this fine magazine we like to call *RearGarde*.

### Thursday, January 26th

**Rising Sun:** *Profile* from Toronto begins a three night set.  
**Deja Vu:** *The Jimmy Dogs* pay their bar bills.  
**Theatre St. Denis:** *Renaud* from France. He's the guy that did that song about Thatcher.  
**Peel Pub:** *Randy Peters* treks in.  
**Station Ten:** *Paradiso Blues* in session. All welcome. Even you.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *Ready Now*.  
**Foufounes Electriques:** *Genetic Error* and the *Moral Minority*. Definitely not Power Pop. Expect no Monkees covers.  
**Club Soda:** HAHHAHA we got one. *Weather Permitting* record launch. Don't buy the beer.  
**Wednesday, January 25th**  
**Rising Sun:** Wednesday Night Jam. It seems like every night we have a jam.  
**Theatre St. Denis:** *Renaud* from Trois Rivières.  
**Deja Vu:** *Jimmy Dogs*.  
**Peel Pub:** *Randy Peters* from Ottawa.  
**Station Ten:** *Savage Garden* from Montreal.

### Tuesday, January 24th

**Rising Sun:** *Shady Lady* from Pittsburgh.  
**Theatre St. Denis:** *Renaud* from Boucherville.  
**Deja Vu:** *The Jimmy Dogs* from Repentigny.  
**Peel Pub:** *Randy Peters* from San Pedro de Macoris (just a short stop away from everywhere else).  
**Station Ten:** *Zamalon* from Plattsburgh.

### Monday, January 23rd

**Rising Sun:** Blue Monday Jam session. I predict they'll have another one on Wednesday.  
**Deja Vu:** *According to Roger*. Now *Deja Vu* got sucked in to putting on this band.  
**Peel Pub:** *Randy Peters* begins the week, or ends it if you're in the Infamous Bastards.  
**Station Ten:** *Black Smoke* featuring Pop David (who?).

### Sunday, January 22nd

**Rising Sun:** *Mango*. Who are these guys (gals)? They seem to be here every month and never seem to be known to anybody outside their own families. Give us a call and let us know who you are. Paul will go see you.  
**Deja Vu:** *According to Roger*. (Warren's reviewing them for next issue—ed.)  
**Peel Pub:** *China Blue* goes home.

**Station Ten:** *The Bones* rattle up the place.

**American Rock Cafe:** *Wolfgang*. Have you ever noticed no American band has ever played here, it's not a cafe and are any of these bands Rock? Hmm...

**Foufounes Electriques:** *The Weathermen* from Belgium. There is a Weathermen in Windsor or Guelph. Maybe there's a Windsor or Guelph in Belgium or maybe there's a Belgium in Windsor or Guelph or maybe there's a...

### Saturday, January 21st

**Deja Vu:** *Double Take*. I looked twice when I saw this name.  
**Peel Pub:** *China Blue*.  
**Station Ten:** *Bad Luck* that Station Ten booked them.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *Indecent Exposure*.  
**Gertrudes:** *Jerry Jerry and the Warren Campbell Grand Orchestre Du Splendid*. I kinda like the new name, don't you? Reader's Poll time; send or phone in your thoughts on this name to *RearGarde*, fab prizes to be won, some of your answers might be published complete with pictures of your first born. I wonder who's in the band now?  
**Foufounes Electriques:** *The Swinging Relatives*. Ska, ska and more ska. I thought this band broke up many times before.

### Friday, January 20th

**Rising Sun:** *J.R. Express*. Back from the dread.  
**Deja Vu:** *Double Take*. Try the Club Soda guys.  
**Peel Pub:** *China Blue* wreck the place and throw pitchers at you.  
**Station Ten:** *The Press*. They just want their name in the paper. They're all a bunch of hype. Just for a joke in the middle of the set yell out "STOP THE PRESS."  
**American Rock Cafe:** *Indecent Exposure*. They don't do covers.  
**Spectrum:** *The Northern Pikes*. Something's fishy here. Bait a minute I've heard of this group. In fact the bass player is quite good. He knows how to play one hell of a tuna. This band drives a stingray and they drink like...uhh...they drink a lot. Oh don't worry, these puns don't manta.

### Thursday, January 19th

**Rising Sun:** Guess who. (*Randy Bachman*—ed.). *Mango*.  
**Deja Vu:** *Double Take*.  
**Peel Pub:** *China Blue* throw up on your tables, everybody now spit popcorn on your neighbour.  
**Station Ten:** Blues Jam.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *Indecent Exposure*. A Marvin Gaye tribute band.  
**Somewhere in McGill:** *The Plaster-scene Replicas* play their second show of the week in Montreal. I don't know whether this one is at Gertrude's or the Ballroom.  
**Foufounes Electriques:** *Chris Cutler and Derome Lussier*. Speedmetal. (*No no no, people are actually beginning to believe these weird descriptions. Actually, they're a female acapella group—ed.*)  
**Spectrum:** *Michel Lemieux*. I heard his new stuff stinks.

### Wednesday, January 18th

**Rising Sun:** Jazz Jam. They never seem to get enough of this stuff.  
**Deja Vu:** *Double Take*. They used to be known as Double Give and...  
**Peel Pub:** *China Blues*. They used to be

Seven Seconds play Foufounes on the 31st.

PHOTO: RULA.



known as Danish Blue.

**Station Ten:** *Lonesome Canadians*. They used to be known as the Lonesome Nordiques.  
**Cafe Campus:** *The Plaster-scene Replicas* kick off their Quebec tour. Free show tonight.

### Tuesday, January 17th

**Rising Sun:** Motown Night with *Shady Lady*.  
**Deja Vu:** *The Puritans* hurt me.  
**Peel Pub:** *China Blue* returns with special guest vocalist Celine Dion.  
**Station Ten:** Acoustic Country/Folk/Speedmetal Jam.  
**American Rock Cafe:** Nothing going on. Damn.

### Monday, January 16th

**Rising Sun:** Blue Monday Jam Session with Dag Nasty. (*Just a hint: DON'T BELIEVE THIS—ed.*)  
**Deja Vu:** *The Puritans*.  
**Peel Pub:** *China Blue*.  
**Station Ten:** *WCK Incorporated*. What a dumb name.  
**American Rock Cafe:** Paul Gott grows his hair. (*And Mr. Wonderful grows a sense of humour—ed.*)

### Sunday, January 15th

**Rising Sun:** *Mango*. Who?  
**Deja Vu:** *The Puritans* wreck the party.  
**Peel Pub:** *ESP*. I knew they were coming up.  
**Station Ten:** Sunday Night Comedy with some young yuppies.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *Portable Ethnic Taxi*. But are they American?  
**Foufounes Electriques:** *The Youth of Today*. Kids these days. Why I remember walking six miles to school and we had to eat our way out of a garbage bag and lick the road clean. The kids don't believe you. I know I got it wrong but those of you who understand the joke will know what I mean.

### Saturday, January 14th

**Rising Sun:** *Mango* but this time they multiply with *Bunny*.  
**Deja Vu:** *Lakeshore Rockers*. Howya doin'?  
**Peel Pub:** *ESP* rock the joint, maybe.  
**Station Ten:** *Rick Ruthless & the Almost Dangerous*. I wonder if that's the guy

with the Heavy Metal symbol at the Elvis preliminaries.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *The Puritans* keep testing my listings. Let me check my jokebook....  
**Foufounes Electriques:** *Survivor #1* (ten different video artists) I guess that means there's going to be a #2 and 3 and 4 and 5 and 6 etc... Shit. I hate Art.

### Friday, January 13th

**Rising Sun:** *Mango* and *Bunny*. Kinda like Laurel & Hardy or Abbott & Costello.  
**Deja Vu:** *Lakeshore Rockers*. I miss you guys. Asexuals opening and closing.  
**Peel Pub:** *ESP*. Guess my weight, dare you. (412—ed.)  
**Station Ten:** *Too Many Cooks*. Too Many Songs.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *The Puritans*. They bug me.

### Thursday, January 12th

**Rising Sun:** *Mango*.  
**Deja Vu:** *Lakeshore Rockers* make a mess of the listings page, just when we thought we had quality.  
**Peel Pub:** *ESP* puke their way to Peel Pub heaven. No slamming now.  
**Station Ten:** *Paradiso Blues* Jam.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *The Puritans* begin a new year.

### Wednesday, January 11th

**Rising Sun:** Wednesday Night Peanut Butter.  
**Deja Vu:** *Gollie Gee* it's *Gotham City*.  
**Peel Pub:** *ESP* specially tonight.  
**Station Ten:** *Boing Birthday Bash* (for who?)  
**American Rock Cafe:** April Wine reunion. (*We can only pray he's kidding—ed.*)  
**Cafe Campus:** *Vent Du Mon Schaar*. Benefit for *Intersection*. Which one—Queen Mary and Victoria? Melrose and Sherbrooke? Palmer and Mackle? Summerhill and Cote Des Neiges? Desnoyers and St. Jacques? Green Bank and Baseline?  
**McGill Ballroom:** *Weather Permitting*, the *Medicine Men*, a re-formed *Ant Farm* and *Led Zeppelin* (listings translation: Asexuals). \$4

**Tuesday, January 10th**  
**Rising Sun:** Motown Night with the Club Soda and Marvin Gaye.  
**Deja Vu:** *Gotham City*.  
**Peel Pub:** *ESP* fool us and show up again.  
**Station Ten:** *Suigenaries* do Led Zepelin songs. No sense going to that one unless you're in the Asexuals or are asexual which I guess is the same thing. (*Hey, I thought you guys were getting along. Which brings me to a bit of advice: Never befriend Mr. Wonderful or he'll turn up in your living room, make you watch sports, drink all your beer, listen to your old Bay City Rollers albums and talk about the Asexuals all night—ed.*)

### Monday, January 9th

**Rising Sun:** Blue Monday Jam session.  
**Deja Vu:** *Gotham City*.  
**Peel Pub:** *ESP* set up and blast out some Tears For Fears.  
**Station Ten:** *Green Deep*. Sixties Rock (Was their such a thing?).  
**Cafe Campus:** *Social Roots Hi-fi*. A DJ competition with Rappers.

### Sunday, January 8th

**Rising Sun:** *Mango*.  
**Deja Vu:** *Gotham City* break open the bubbly (not the champagne but the... never mind).  
**Peel Pub:** *Jah Cutta*. Irie man.  
**Station Ten:** Melvin finals, trust me the last guy on wins. What happens is a bunch of guys get up on stage and act like the King. You know King Melvin, they wipe their nose and pick their teeth and spit a lot. Kinda like my house on a Saturday night.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *Fried Up Fred & Co*. Extra crispy.

### Saturday, January 7th

**Rising Sun:** *Roots Movement* from Ottawa. I won't insult anybody from the Nation's Capital. (*Just let them move to Montreal and see how they get treated—ed.*)  
**Deja Vu:** *The Jimmy Dogs*.  
**Peel Pub:** *Jah Cutta*.  
**Station Ten:** *Bokomaru*. Yech.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *KGB*.  
**Foufounes Electriques:** *Sudden Impact* and *Groovy Aardvaark*. Chicago

Blues at it's finest.

### Friday, January 6th

**Rising Sun:** *Roots Movement* from Ottawa.  
**Deja Vu:** *The Jimmy Dogs*.  
**Peel Pub:** *Jah Cutta*. I thought you had a record coming out?  
**Station Ten:** *Bokomaru*. Grateful Dead covers phooey. That reminds me—whatever happened to Chinese Backwards?  
**American Rock Cafe:** *KGB*.

### Thursday, January 5th

**Rising Sun:** *Me, Mom & Morgentaler*.  
**Deja Vu:** *The Jimmy Dogs* open a busy month.  
**Peel Pub:** *Jah Cutta* empty the place.  
**Station Ten:** *Paradiso Blues Orchestra*.  
**American Rock Cafe:** *KGB*.

### Wednesday, January 4th

**Rising Sun:** Jazz Jam.  
**Deja Vu:** *Broken Smile*.  
**Peel Pub:** *Jah Cutta*.  
**Station Ten:** *Me & You Review*. This is not a Me & You Test only a...

### Tuesday, January 3rd

**Rising Sun:** *Shady Lady & Motown Night*.  
**Deja Vu:** *Broken Smile*.  
**Peel Pub:** *Jah Cutta*.  
**Station Ten:** Folk/Country/Speed-metal/Industrial/Sludgeability Jam session.

### Monday, January 2nd

**Rising Sun:** *Billy Craig & the Blue Shadows*.  
**Deja Vu:** *Broken Smile*.  
**Peel Pub:** *Jah Cutta* open the New Year.  
**Station Ten:** *Les Petits Fils de L'Industrie*. Sounds like something that would be at the Club Soda. By the way the Club Soda wouldn't give us their listings this month. Next month I start making up shows. (*Now now, let's all stay calm, it's just a little misunderstanding. Somebody's actually been taking you seriously. We'll get it all cleared up next month and you can invent your own club to make up shows in.*)

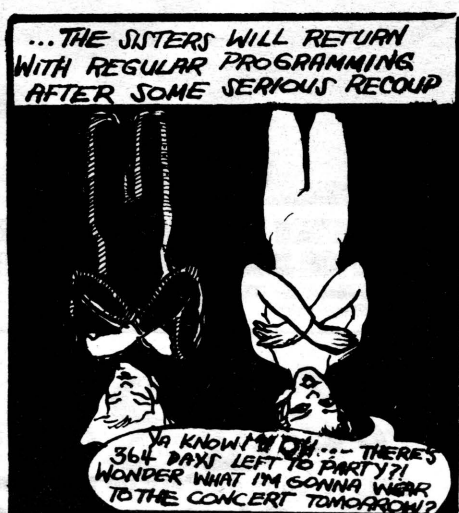
### Sunday, January 1st

**Rising Sun:** *Mango*. They never get to play here.  
**Deja Vu:** *Broken Smile*.

And welcome to the *RearGarde* listings. This month, stuff was compiled by Claudia D'Amico and Emma Tibaldo and it was written by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell. So, as usual, we would like to say that IT ISN'T OUR FAULT, BLAME IT ON HIM. Look, you try to sucker some jerk—I mean, some "Wonderful" guy—into doing listings for free and then not let him have the occasional joke. Anyhow, please be careful about opening acts and weird sounding descriptions. Remember, when in doubt phone the club. By the way, you might have noticed that the listings were done a little differently this month. Like backwards or something. This was because Chico from the Infamous Bastards told me that they read the listings both backwards and forwards. So we thought it would be hilarious to do 'em backwards. We realize that noone else might think this is funny but, hey, that's life.

## Life Among Mirth and Darkness

by Ria Stochel





# NEXT ISSUE:FEBRUARY

PHOTO: SONJA CHICHAK

•VOIVOD•NORTHERN VULTURES  
•SKINNY PUPPY•FAIL-SAFE•UNCLE  
SAM•TESTAMENT•THE NILS•  
SHADOWY MEN ON A SHADOWY  
PLANET•AND MUCH MUCH MORE



## BEST MONTREAL ALBUMS

1. DOUGHBOYS Whatever
2. CORPUSSE Delusions
3. MY DOG POPPER  
668 Neighbor of the Beast
4. DBC Dead Brain Cells
5. FAIL-SAFE Fail-Safe
6. Voivod (all four albums)



DELUSIONS album at DUTCHY's, 1587 St. Laurent

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TOM WAITS  
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Sunday 8  
**ELVIS, LIVE!  
FINALS**

Friday 13  
**TOO MANY  
COOKS**

Friday 27  
**PORTABLE  
ETHNIC TAXI**

Saturday 28  
**FAINTING IN  
COILS**

2. Les Petits Fils de l'Industrie
3. Folk & Country acoustic jam
4. Me & You Revue
5. Paradisio Blues In Session
6. Bokomaru
7. Bokomaru
9. Green Deep
10. Suigenaries
11. Boing
12. Paradisio Blues In Session
14. Rick Ruthless and the Almost Dangerous
15. Sunday Nite Comedy with Hungry and Stupid
16. WCK Incorporated
17. Folk & Country acoustic jam
18. Lonesome Canadians plus guest
19. Paradisio Blues in Session
20. The Press
21. Bad Luck
22. The Bones
23. Black Smoke with Pop David
24. Zamalon
25. Savage Garden
26. Paradisio Blues In Session
29. Sunday Nite Comedy with Hungry and Stupid
30. Rain
31. Acoustic jam session

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